



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 11

March 2019

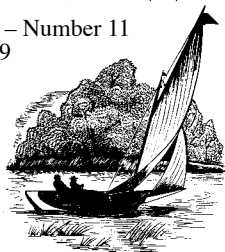
**Highlight Features**  
**This Issue**  
The Sun Also Rises - *Tidings* Great Adventure  
Sailing the Thousand Islands- Capsize Recovery  
Brotherly Revenge - Building the Great Ship *DUD*  
Building the Outdoor Boat - *Hatseflats!* 15' Pram Dinghy



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 36 – Number 11  
March 2019



US subscription price is \$40 for one year, Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request  
Address is 29 Burley St  
Wenham, MA 01984-1043  
Telephone is 978-774-0906  
There is no machine  
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Magazine production: Roberta Freeman  
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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Not too long after our January issue was out featuring Harold Burnham's rescue of the tired dude schooner, *Silvina W. Beal*, the winter issue of Capt Michael Rutstein's *Marlinspike* magazine arrived featuring a sort of prequel to that story, a tale of bringing the *Beal* to Gloucester from downeast in Rockland, Maine. Capt Mike gave us the OK to reprint his story, which begins on page 8.

Capt Mike is owner/skipper of the 1812 replica privateer, *Fame*, built for him by Harold in 2003 and sailed since then seasonally in historic Salem, Massachusetts. *Fame* is a replica of a privateer from the War of 1812. Launched in 2003, *Fame* cruises on Salem Sound, where pirates and privateers have been making history for 400 years. *Fame* joined the tall ships fleet on the smaller end of the scale and at a local level.

Capt Mike soon realized that the tall ships "niche" in messing about in boats lacked a regular journal chronicling what the fleet was up to worldwide so he undertook to launch *Marlinspike* five years ago and now, at Issue #21, it is a glossy, full color 48 page publication that he manages to find enough tall ship news to fill four times a year ([MarlinspikeMagazine.com](http://MarlinspikeMagazine.com)).

The tall ship game is a costly one to play, especially the larger vessels operating as flagships for nations, states and cities. They require deep pockets to buy, restore or build (replicas) originally and then keeping them afloat and making the scene seasonally is an endless financial challenge. Amongst the news items that have appeared in *Marlinspike* have been the offers for sale of those tall ships which have foundered financially.

We were introduced to this tall ship game early on, our June 15, 1983 issue (Volume 1 Number 3) featured our report on the laying of the keel of a "\$1,800,000 Dreamboat," the *Spirit of Massachusetts* at the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston. The moving force came from Henry Dormitzer, who was the engine behind the original Tall Ships Festival held in Boston in 1976 to celebrate our nation's Bicentennial. Boston had no tall ship in 1976 and Dormitzer was determined to rectify this for their return in 1984 for the Donald McKay Festival. Was Dormitzer's dream realized? And if so, where is the *Spirit* today? An Internet search reveals the following:

### "Welcome Aboard the Schooner *Spirit of Massachusetts*"

The *Spirit of Massachusetts* is a 125' schooner built right here in New England at the Charlestown Naval Shipyard. Her launch in 1984 was celebrated in Boston Harbor with a tall ship festival that welcomed over 80 tall ships from all over the world. After her launch she served as a goodwill ambassador for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts while sailing the globe as an educational vessel. In 2014 the *Spirit of Massachusetts* was restored and brought to her new home in Kennebunk, Maine. The restaurant is now open serving cocktails and small plates!"

The 30 year story about how the Commonwealth of Massachusetts' goodwill ambassador ended up as a restaurant "serving cocktails and small plates" in Maine might be an interesting one for a future issue of *Marlinspike*.

Whatever may have happened to the *Spirit*, Massachusetts is not done with tall ships. Her current pride, the *Ernestina Morrissey*, is nearing completion of a costly historically correct restoration in Boothbay, Maine. Overseeing this work for Massachusetts is none other than Harold Burnham. This assures us that the job will be done right.

I don't have room on this page for the details but here's a brief synopsis of what the state has to say:

"*Effie M. Morrissey* (now *Ernestina Morrissey*) was a schooner skippered by Robert Bartlett that made many scientific expeditions to the Arctic, sponsored by American museums, the Explorers Club and the National Geographic Society. Built in 1894 she has sailed within 600 miles of the North Pole and is one the six remaining Essex built schooners. More notable she was the last sailing ship to bring immigrants to this country from the Cape Verde islands." She was given to Massachusetts by the Cape Verdeans following that last trip.

Well, perhaps this scale of messing about in boats is beyond our scope but any of you who have undertaken to salvage some old boat you thought worthy of saving, or to build a replica traditionally, can only gasp at how costly this game can get as it is scaled up.

## On the Cover...

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" (Percy Bysshe Shelley). A bit of late winter poetry to encourage those viewing Bill Rutherford's cover photo of Mystic Seaport's *Araminta* and *Breck Marshall*, toughing it out on the floats at the Boathouse Livery, to be optimistic about a new season soon to burst upon us.



*Harking Back With Harvey*  
 "Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."  
 Images by Harvey Petersiel  
 It's a Matter of Length





# You write to us about...

## Information of Interest...

### To All the Friends of *Elf*

I hope you all are ready for a new sailing season, which I sincerely hope will be better than last year's. Between the weather, wind (or lack of it) and a lighter than usual calendar of events for *Elf*, 2018 was challenging, especially since I spent much of it on crutches! Since August 2017, I have had two partial knee replacements on the same leg and the second surgery caused lymphedema, which has led to months of therapy and no reduction in pain. So I am happy to report a second opinion has brought me to a scheduled full knee replacement. I look forward to getting it done and start the recovery process. It's been difficult to board *Elf* and get any work done.

Sincere thanks go to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum for home porting *Elf* through the past 11 years, and particularly this winter. I know *Elf* is well watched over daily. I have been able to get down a couple of times a week to check on her. My leg disability has prompted me to build a new boarding platform for *Elf* that can adjust to the dramatic levels in the tides.

2019 is going to be a fantastic year for *Elf* and the CYRG. We hope to get started on the rehabilitation of the Friendship Sloop and *Elf* will be closer to additional races on both shores of the Bay. CBMM will build a new replica of the *Maryland Dove* over the next two years, bringing a dramatic increase in visitors who will also have a chance to see *Elf*!! And we have the 9th annual *Elf* Classic the weekend of September 28-29 at CBMM, with a commitment already of 13 boats!!

The highlight of the year, for me, will be to watch my daughter Cassidy get married on board *Elf* at CBMM in June. Her birth coincided with the creation of CYRG to restore *Elf*, so you can imagine that this will be a father's dream realized.

Capt Rick Carrion, Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, PO Box 237, Earleville, MD 21919-0237

### Those Minnesota Locks

Having read Doc Regan's remarks in his January "Over the Horizon" about how silly the Mississippi River lock numbering system is in Minnesota, I talked with him on the phone to set him straight. The Corps of Engineers built 29 locks with the numbering starting at the Ford Dam. Later in the '50s they built two more locks in downtown Minneapolis. Rather than change all the numbers they simply named the new locks Lower St Anthony and Upper St Anthony.

Minneapolis and St Paul have been at odds for a long time over who should be the head of navigation. Way back, the city of Minneapolis wanted navigation at their door-

step so they built a lock and dam where the Ford Dam now stands. They built another lock upriver halfway to downtown.

When Henry Ford built an assembly plant on top of the bluff on the St Paul side of the river, they raised the dam to take advantage of the 38' head to generate hydro power. This flooded out the other lock but opened barge traffic on to downtown Minneapolis. The old flooded lock is still visible at normal pool levels in the river.

Hubert Humphrey was once mayor of Minneapolis and he always favored that city. The plan got underway when he was a senator to create a harbor above S Anthony Falls. At that time that part of Minneapolis was where one went to buy metal and lumber and stuff like that. It seemed like a logical place to extend the navigation to and with a senator who had once been the mayor, it happened.

I was looking for a job as a lock and dam operator at just the right time. I went to work for the Corps in 1962, replacing a guy who moved upriver to one of the new locks. It was a blessing for me.

We moved a lot of barge traffic through locks in the years that I worked there. We had coal going upriver and lots of sand and gravel. We also had a lot of salt that got spread on the streets. One year I remember we had seven barge loads through Lock 1. Most of it ended up in the storm sewers that drained into the city lakes and the Mississippi. Imagine the hell that would be raised if you dumped a barge load into the waterway today.

Going downriver we had scrap iron and some grain. The barge traffic began to dry up when they stopped using coal from West Virginia and Kentucky and the scrapyards in North Minneapolis began shredding the stuff and trucking it out to a smelter just south of St Paul.

Doc Regan is absolutely right that pool Number 1 is beautiful and a great place to go boating. There is still a lot of pleasure boat business at Lock Number 1 during the summer. They also have some construction barges that are up working on the bridges and shore.

The real head of navigation is on the Minnesota River at the town of Savage where the grain docks and the salt terminal are. That is where I ended my short career as a tow boat deck hand.

Doc is also right about his home country in northeast Iowa. I have canoed as far as Rock Island and that is my favorite place to paddle. It is like Robert Service said in his poem, "The Spell of the Yukon," "Oh God, how I am stuck on it all!"

## Information Wanted...

### Trailer/Boat Lift Design Wanted

Reading January's "Instant Indeed" and trials of out of water boat/trailer logistics leads me to a plea to anyone who has developed a wood fabricated boat lift/winch to lift small boats (hopefully up to a 26' Whaler Revenge size) on and off trailers or sawhorses for bottom painting especially. Tying the stern to a tree and pulling boats out onto jackstands gets to be a real yearly pain, not to

mention all the head scratching and unskilled help. I would think PT 2"x4"s or 2"x6"s could be used.

Dick Tatlock, Mattapoisett MA, pepper moto@gmail.com

## Opinions...

### Hit the Mark

"25 Years Ago in *MAIB*" in the January issue really hit the mark for me. Not only is Robert Hoge an entertaining writer, but the trials of boat building is always interesting. To add to the mix he was discussing Bolger's Sneakeasy. I have been a fan of Phil's since he published his first design book, *Small Boats*, in 1973, have built eight of his boats and have plans for several more. But two I spent a lot of time fantasizing about, though neither one make any practical sense for me, were Sneakeasy and Burgundy. Both seemed comparatively simple and doable and yet both held for me an elegant beauty. Robert's article was funny, but also reminded me of just what a genius Phil Bolger was and what a design eye he had.

Thanks for continuing to publish a great little magazine. When you decide to give it up it will certainly be understandable. Meanwhile we can continue to enjoy articles like Robert's.

Dan Taylor

## Projects...

### A Passion for Historic Speed Launches

We're working on a number of very interesting boats right now, including *Indian*, a 1903 30' torpedo stern launch designed by HJ Leighton, as well as several Fay & Bowens.

Tumblehome Boatworks, Warrensburg, NY



## This Magazine...

### Looking Forward to Dan's Adventures

I am eagerly looking forward to the next installment from "AlmostCanada" as I am thoroughly hooked on Dan's adventures and misadventures up there in the higher latitudes. Growing up in Florida and now settled in LA (Lower Alabama), a 12 year stint in Nebraska convinced me that snow is fine to play in but not worth a hoot to drive and work in. More power to Dan for his perseverance in those climes.

Your other contributors make me anticipate the arrival of your magazine each month. Thank you for the most enjoyable magazine and keep up the good work!

Captain Steve Day, 50 Ton Master, Daphne, AL



### CBMM Selected to Build *Maryland Dove*

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has officially been selected to build a new *Maryland Dove*, a representation of the late 17th century trading ship that accompanied the first European settlers to what is now Maryland. *Maryland Dove* is owned by the state of Maryland and operated and maintained by the Historic St Mary's City Commission.

"HSMC and CBMM are natural partners in this project," said Regina Faden, Executive Director at Historic St Mary's City. "It fulfills both our missions and delivers a new *Dove* to tell the story of (early) Maryland."

*Maryland Dove* is Historic St Mary's City's floating ambassador and one of its most popular exhibits. The goal of the new ship design is to be as close to the 1634 original as possible, including features that were not known when *Maryland Dove* was built in 1978.

Ship design work commenced in January 2019, and construction is anticipated to begin at CBMM by mid year. The launch of the new *Maryland Dove* is targeted for 2021. All work will be done in full public view, allowing the public to experience every stage of the project.

"We are thrilled and honored to have been selected to build a new *Maryland Dove*," said CBMM President Kristen Greenaway. "Over the course of the next few years our shipwrights and apprentices will build a historically accurate replacement to the existing ship and we welcome guests to be a part of the construction and education experience."

To learn more about *Maryland Dove* visit [bit.ly/marylanddove](http://bit.ly/marylanddove). For more information on CBMM, visit [cbmm.org](http://cbmm.org).



*Maryland Dove* sits docked outside the shipyard of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum.

### CBMM to Host Beginners' Shipyard Programs this March

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum will be hosting programs introducing participants to basic woodworking and rope splicing this spring. Both workshops will be held in CBMM's Shipyard and advanced registration is required.

Intro to Woodworking will be held from 9am-4:30pm on Saturday and Sunday, March 2-3. Seip Family Foundation Shipwright Apprentice Zack Haroth will lead this two day program in which both power and hand



## News

tools will be demonstrated. Each participant will create their own handmade mallet and leave with the confidence to work on projects at home. No prior experience is necessary and materials and tools will be provided.

To sign up, visit [cbmm.org/introwoodworking](http://cbmm.org/introwoodworking). The cost for this program is \$130, with a 20% discount for CBMM members.



A one day Intro to Three Strand Rope Splicing workshop is scheduled for Saturday, March 23, from 9am-4pm. Participants will leave this course with a greater understanding of not only the structure and proper care of three strand rope, but also how to form and use a variety of splices. CBMM's lead rigger, Sam Hilgartner, will cover the eye splice, short splice, grommet and long splice. If time and participation skill allow, he will also cover the chain splice and sailmaker's eye splice.

The cost for this program is \$50, with a 20% discount for CBMM members. For more details and to register, visit [cbmm.org/ropesplicing](http://cbmm.org/ropesplicing).



CBMM's Apprentice for a Day Shipyard Programs take place year round, offering demonstrations, workshops, intensives with visiting master craftsmen, on the water experiences and customized programming. Programs take place on weekends and select weekdays and include a variety of programs for every interest and age. To find one that's right for you, visit [cbmm.org/shipyardprograms](http://cbmm.org/shipyardprograms).

### Chart Navigation Course

A two day Chart Navigation course taking place on Saturday, March 2, from 10-12:30pm, and Sunday, March 3, from 1-3:30pm will cover reading charts, identifying objects and plotting on at navigation chart, determining latitude and longitude to identify a boat's location, using a compass rose, including the effects of deviation and variation, understanding the rules of the "road" on the water, identifying navigation aids such as buoys, lights, daymarks, and ranges and other instruction to help plan a cruise.



This course will be taught by Capt Jerry Friedman, a US Coast Guard licensed Master and volunteer lead captain of CBMM's 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle*. A retired electrical engineering executive, Friedman has held a USCG captain's license for 60 years. During that time, he also operated an emergency service towboat for BoatUS, assisting boaters along the Chesapeake Bay in distress, delivering boats around the Chesapeake and from Florida and Long Island to Annapolis, teaching navigation courses, editing a monthly professional captains' publication and providing instruction to boat owners in the operation of their boats. He currently holds a 100 ton Master's license. The cost is \$35 per participant, with a 20% discount for CBMM members.

Other upcoming Shipyard Programs include an iron pouring demonstration and workshops for bronze casting, intro to woodworking, plane making, rope splicing and more. Details and advanced registration for all classes can be found at [cbmm.org/shipyardprograms](http://cbmm.org/shipyardprograms).

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## The Foreword Says...

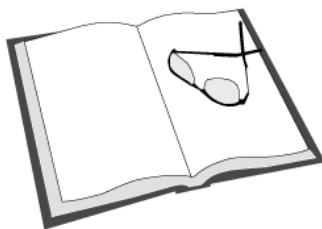
By Bill Bolling

Captain Lou Kenedy was an amazing guy. Lou really lived 75 years too late, as sailing ships earning their ways belonged more to the 19th century than the 20th.

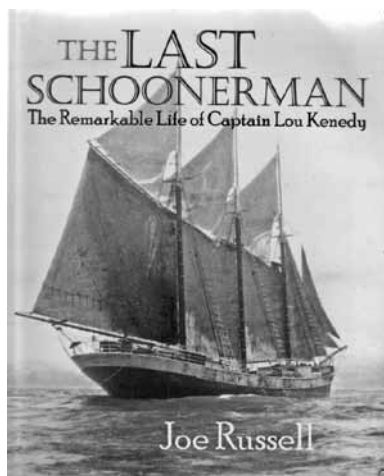
Success required someone larger than life. Captain Kenedy succeeded.

I'm Bill Bolling, married to Lou's eldest daughter Patsy. She inherited her father's courage, daring and self discipline.

Lou grew up in Stamford, Connecticut, the eldest son of Louis A. Kenedy, whose P.J. Kenedy & Sons published Bibles, missals, prayer books and the like for the Vatican. The Kenedy clan was a cultured, upper middle class family with a Butterworth hanging in the parlor. Six-foot-one 200 pound Lou left this steam heated family manse at age 19 in 1929 for the brutish, freezing fo'c's'l of the last of the Cape Horn square riggers. *Tusitala*, a 261' full rigged ship berthed in Baltimore became Lou's school of the deep sea. He was given four days to learn 234 names of halyard, sheets, braces, slab lines, lifts, down-hauls and pin rail positions in Norwegian (the first mate was from Oslo). Failure would have gotten him a smart blow upside the head by the mate's fist.



## Book Review




### The Last Schoonerman

By Joe Russell  
Fine Edge Nautical & Recreational  
Publishing - Paperback - 2006  
www.fineedge.com  
Anacortes, WA  
ISBN 978-1-932310-41-2

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

After carrying a load of sulfate of ammonia fertilizer to Hawaii, *Tusitala* loaded raw sugar for the return passage to Baltimore. Paid off, Lou was now hard muscled, had learned square rigger seamanship, navigation and the old time man o war discipline which forbids idleness. You'll read of his further adventures so well chronicled by Joe Russell.



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Maybe I can help with perspective. At sea today (2006, Ed.) ships (sail or power) have powerful engines and generators, stabilizers, refrigeration and air conditioning, hot and cold pressure water, a full array of electronic navigation and weather forecasting tools, radar, autopilot, radios and endless entertainment alternatives.

None of these were aboard Kenedy's dated sailing vessels. To profit from already low freight rates, short handed crews were dictated. The equipment, a lead line for depth sounding, a barometer for weather forecasting and, for navigation, a sextant, a time piece and tables for when sun, moon and star showed. Otherwise it was days of *ded* reckoning. With no halyard or sheet winches, "Swedish steam" was used to manhandle huge sail areas. *Adams'* mizzen was abut 3,200 square feet of double ought duck and it weighed near 1,200 pounds. The gaff, high in the air, was half a yard in diameter and 40 feet long.

Meals featured bully beef hooked from a brine cask on deck. Fresh water was at a premium, bathing and hygiene were non existent. Consequently Lou usually smelled like a goat. "Don't wash away my natural body oils," he'd say with his remarkable grin

In the 30 years I knew him he never owned a comb, sunglasses or underarm deodorant.

But Lou was far from dour. On a visit to the port captain at Halifax in 1949 accompanied by his daughter, Patsy, he announced, "Like to get this young lady seaman's papers." The amused official said, "Can she box the compass?" In those days compass cards had only cardinal and inter cardinal points, no numbers of degrees.

To the head officer's delight, Patsy rattled off all 32 points of the compass. Astonished, he quickly issued her a "Canadian Seaman's Identity Certificate" which under "Title" lists her as a Shipping Master, a lifetime authority to command any sail or power vessel in any ocean. She was six years old.


## The Reviewer Says...

This book came to me from a reliable source, a long time reader who shares many of my viewpoints so I got past my lack of enthusiasm for books about heroic persons and went at it. Good thing, it's a great read about a man who gave up a life of comfort and prosperity ashore to go it alone in the fading days of merchant shipping under sail (1929-1980) in a series of schooners he acquired on the cheap and ran on the cheap.

Lou Kenedy was, in fact, a real cheap-skate and an enduring ongoing streak of this character trait runs through the entire book over a 50 plus years span of struggling to survive in a failing trade. It governs how he came to cope with all the hurdles as well as opportunities that came his way in an ad hoc life afloat, never knowing from one trip to the next what he would be doing. He ultimately had to give up the schooners in favor of motorized boats and this led into chartering in the Caribbean later in his career, but the same approach endured and sometimes he had plenty of dough even.

His marriage and family survived his self centered life style (how about that 6-year-old daughter mentioned in the Foreword!), his wife having only one siege of emotional distress in later years during the Caribbean period. Kenedy never gave up his independence (that self centeredness) and lived into his early 80s with vigor.

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In the off season, as the ice creeps across the bay and locks in the lake, it's time once again for "wishing, learning and dreaming" about boats as Bruce Elfstrom puts it on his Wooden Boat Rescue website. It's also a time to find a warm corner chair and a good book about boating. And, as you might infer from this essay, for some of us it's a good time to write about boating.

I discovered the grand pastime of sailing when I was 15. I was instantly hooked and the following winter, as the snow piled up and the icicles grew longer and more massive outside my window, I devoured all the sailing adventure books in our small town library. I sailed with Slocum and with Captain Bligh and with Robert Manry, the skipper of the tiny *Tinkerbelle*. I also discovered the work of Ann Davison, the courageous woman who was the first female to solo an Atlantic crossing under sail back in 1952.

After I bought a boat of my own with a built in bed, I never started a sailing season without a library of reading aboard. I scoured the second hand bookstores for more out of print works for evening reading at anchor or on rainy days at the dock and soon I discovered the haunting prose of Rockwell Kent in Greenland in *N by NE* and the delightful account of Joe Richard's ICW cruise with his old Friendship sloop *Princess*.

For years after reading that book I dreamed of following in the wake of *Princess* with my own elderly wooden sloop. Alas, I never did. But with the help of friends I was able to sail to a few tropical isles in the Caribbean as written up by Robert Louis Stevenson and Ernest Hemingway. I have yet to

## No Frigate Like a Book

By Susan Gately

make it to Nordhoff and Hall's Pacific atolls nor have I experienced the Roaring Forties. And thanks to Alan Villiers' books I have absolutely no desire to do so either.

Looking back on 50 years of sailing and reading afloat I am struck by how my lifelong hobby was shaped by my early literary exploration of the pastime. I developed a lifelong affinity for classic boats like Joe Richard's *Princess* and I suspect Ernest K. Gann also left a permanent mark upon my sailing persona with his *Song of the Sirens*. The memory of that account may well have lurked within the dark depths of my subconscious sailing persona unknown and unseen until decades later when my spouse discovered a "must have" on eBay. I was instantly smitten with the small elderly wooden schooner listed for sale. Thanks to the influence of Gann's book on my embryonic sailing career, I wanted to relive his adventures with his *Albatros*, so we purchased a much smaller two master.

After we bought that boat and had it transported to a nearby boatyard for some much needed emergency "surgery" on decks frames, floors and planking and spent countless hours sanding, sawing, scraping and caulking, I remembered and several times repeated a bit of wisdom from Gann's work, "In little vessels there is joy. In large vessels there is travail and perplexity."

I still enjoy reading about sailing adventures during the off season here in the almost Canada country of upstate New York. Perhaps I'll pull an old favorite down from the shelf and reread it this winter. *Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame, a book I read when I was playing with a homemade dinghy in our farm pond, now ranks as among my favorites. As Water Rat told Mole, "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing – absolutely nothing – half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." Or perhaps I'll reread Farley Mowat's *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float*. I might also find humor in *No More Gas*, something we can all use during the chill days of winter. Then with spring's longer days, it'll be time once more to start studying the marine gear catalogues or maybe even some visits to craigslist.

Here's the shameless self promotion if the editor allows: visit [susanpgateley.com](http://susanpgateley.com) for news of my latest literary adventures or check out some Great Lakes history notes at the Lake Ontario Log (Google "lake ontario log online" or find it at [silverwaters.com](http://silverwaters.com)).

Here's a short list of a few favorites in my library. I wonder what you all are reading this winter?

Ernest K. Gann: *Song of the Sirens*

Joe Richards: *Princess*, New York:

*A Mans Affair With A Boat*

Kenneth Grahame: *Wind in the Willows*

Laurens van der Post: *The Hunter and the Whale*

Sterling Hayden: *Voyage*

Charles Nordhoff and James Hall: *No More Gas* (Hall also wrote the *Mutiny on the Bounty* non fiction trilogy).



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# *The Sun Also Rises*

*National Heritage Fellow  
Harold Burnham of Essex  
is working to breathe new life  
into the historic knockabout *Sylvina W. Beal**

*By Capt. Michael Rutstein*

At exactly 1 PM, Fred Ebinger pulls into the roadside diner in Harold Burnham's weathered black pickup. I toss my things into the bed: a small duffle with foul-weather gear, my camera bag, and two empty jerry cans I am donating to the cause. Five minutes later we're going 80 miles an hour up Route 95 toward Rockland, Maine.

We have a rendezvous with the 1911 knockabout schooner *Sylvina W. Beal* and with Harold, who plans to save her.

The *Beal* was built at the Frank J. Adams Yard in East Boothbay Harbor, for a very successful fisherman and businessman named Charles H. Beal. She is named for his wife, and has never sailed under another name. The *Beal* worked as a herring and mackerel seiner and later, with her rig reduced, as a sardine carrier.

In 1981, at the respectable age of 70, she was converted to passenger service by Captain John Worth. At that point, she was substantially rebuilt, and regained her schooner rig. She sailed out of Boothbay, Bar Harbor, Mystic and Eastport for the next three decades, offering day sails and overnight trips. But her last COI expired in 2012. Nowadays, judging from Harold's descriptions, she's in rough shape.

My traveling partner, Fred, is no schooner bum. He's a

tall, spare, friendly man in his sixties who owned and ran a boatyard in Ipswich, Massachusetts for most of his adult life. He's raised two boys who are both working on the water, one on yachts and the other on tugboats. He's spent much of the summer cruising Maine in his 36' Presto-style Crocker sloop, *Varuna*. He shows me a photo of his drop-dead-gorgeous fiberglass lobster boat. He is unable (or unwilling) to tell me exactly how many boats he owns.

There is no obvious reason why Fred, a man of means and of leisure, should drop what he's doing to help deliver the *Beal* from Maine to Gloucester, where Harold has arranged to have her hauled, assuming we can get her there. But like me, Fred is a friend of Harold's — Harold has many friends, from all walks of life — and it sounds like an adventure.

Fred and I arrive in Rockland in the late afternoon of a gorgeous October day. The *Beal* is alone on the town dock, and our first impressions are not favorable. She is facing out to sea, so the first thing we see as we walk up to her is the misshapen transom. As we step aboard, we notice the covering boards are missing. The deck is strewn with gear: jerry cans, a fuel tank, a generator, a trash pump, an inflatable dinghy full of Gumby suits, a dory, coolers, and a plastic 55-gallon drum being used as a garbage can.



Still, I can see in her the hull model that I admired in Harold's barn two weeks earlier. Harold has carved four or five models of the *Beal* at this point: as she was, as she is, as she will be when he is done rebuilding her. He's also drafted a 3300-word Preservation Plan in accordance with the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Ship and Vessel Preservation Projects, a straightforward document which repeatedly states "this is not our first rodeo". His models show a slender, fast hull with a sweet sheer. But the boat we're on is very, very tired.

We are greeted by Harold and his partner, Mary Kay Taylor, and by Alex and Zach. They've had a long day, bringing the boat up from Bar Harbor. Alex is a current deckhand on Harold's pinky schooner, *Ardelle*, which he runs from the Maritime Heritage Center in Gloucester. Alex will get off the boat in the morning and drive Harold's truck back to Gloucester.

Zach has served his time on the *Ardelle* as well, helping to build her back in 2011 before heading off to the Maine Maritime Academy. Now he is working on tugboats out of Brooklyn: two weeks on, two weeks off.

Harold is in a hurry to get off the dock and onto a mooring before nightfall. If we spend the night, he is liable to be charged \$2.50 for each of the *Beal*'s 84 feet. He gives us a quick tour of the boat and dispatches Mary Kay and I to round up ice, groceries, and nine jerry cans of diesel.

I drive and Mary Kay talks. She is a bit more wary than Harold of this plan to resurrect the *Beal*. A veteran of the Gloucester maritime scene, she has been with Harold for six years now. When she is not managing the *Ardelle* (or sailing as crew) she writes grants for Lowell's Boat Shop and serves on the boards of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum and the American Schooner Association. She is formidably intelligent and chock-full of information — which she compiles, she cheerfully admits, by "spying on everyone."

Harold was already a very busy guy before taking on the *Beal*, shuttling back and forth between skippering *Ardelle* in Gloucester and serving as the Massachusetts DCR's liaison on the *Ernestina-Morrissey* project up in Boothbay. Mary Kay is left to run the business while Harold wears out Route

95.

We drive to Hannaford and buy \$200 worth of groceries, locate block ice at a convenience store, and with the help of Google Maps, find a Shell station that sells diesel. But by the time we get back, it's pitch dark — new moon — and the plan to move to a mooring has been abandoned. Instead we'll leave at dawn, before the Harbormaster shows up. Sunrise and low tide will be within about 20 minutes of each other.

Zack and I empty, clean, and reload the large cooler on deck, which is on loan from *Ardelle*. There is not quite room for all the ice and groceries and the fair amount of beer and wine left over from the *Ardelle*'s just-concluded season, so we do the logical thing and begin drinking the beer.

Harold makes chili for dinner. The six of us gather around the galley table, lit only by an inflatable solar light. The tarp which is tacked to the underside of the deck brushes the tops of our heads; we prop it up with a random piece of wood, of which there are many lying around. The effect is six people eating dinner in a pup tent. Dessert is Oreos and M&Ms.

Everyone turns in shortly after dinner. Our bunks in the focsle require some assembly, but it is a big and pleasant space, with real potential. The companion ladder purports to be from the *Alice Wentworth*, Captain Zeb Tilton's legendary coaster out of Vineyard Haven.

Under the companion, the floorboards are pulled up, revealing bilges full of dark water. The pumps have the upper hand for the moment,

but when a wake from some distant boat rocks us gently, the water sloshes menacingly back and forth over the keelson.

Fred has wisely taken the bunk closest to the exit. If the boat sinks in the night, the last thing I'll see as the water closes over my head is Fred's feet racing up the companion steps ahead of me.

\* \* \*

The *Beal* does not sink, and we are up before dawn to get off the dock. As soon we poke our heads out of the focsle, Harold sets us to tossing lines. The four-cylinder John



COURTESY STEVE PAGELS

Deere starts up and dies — whoops, the fuel line wasn't open — and then starts up and runs, but the *Sylvina W. Beal* is aground. Still, our lines are all aboard and coiled, so technically we're off the dock!

In an effort to get moving, we set the three lowers. The *Beal*, being a knockabout, has a main, a fore, and a big jib on a club. The wind is light, from the port quarter, and although the sails fill, the schooner doesn't budge.

Harold hops onto the dock to take a photo of the schooner "sailing away". We have Zach stand by the wheel to make it look good. Harold posts the photo to facebook: "saw this schooner sailing off the dock in Rockland..."

After waiting another few minutes, Harold gooses the engine and the *Beal* slides forward. Just as the sun rises, we

motor steadily out of Rockland Harbor and around Owls Head. The rocks glow red and brown in the rising sunlight.

As we cruise through the Muscle Ridge Channel, Harold sends up scrambled eggs, bacon, bread and butter, and strong coffee. It's a beautiful day and none of us would be anywhere else.

The early morning is spent motoring into the light sou'wester, checking off the buoys as we go past on the paper chart. Harold occasionally glances at his phone, which is running Navionics, but both he and Fred know the coast well.

After a time, Harold takes a turn steering, a rare break from clambering around the boat, tinkering with things, peering into the bilges, and cooking our meals. I ask him about his preparations for the delivery.

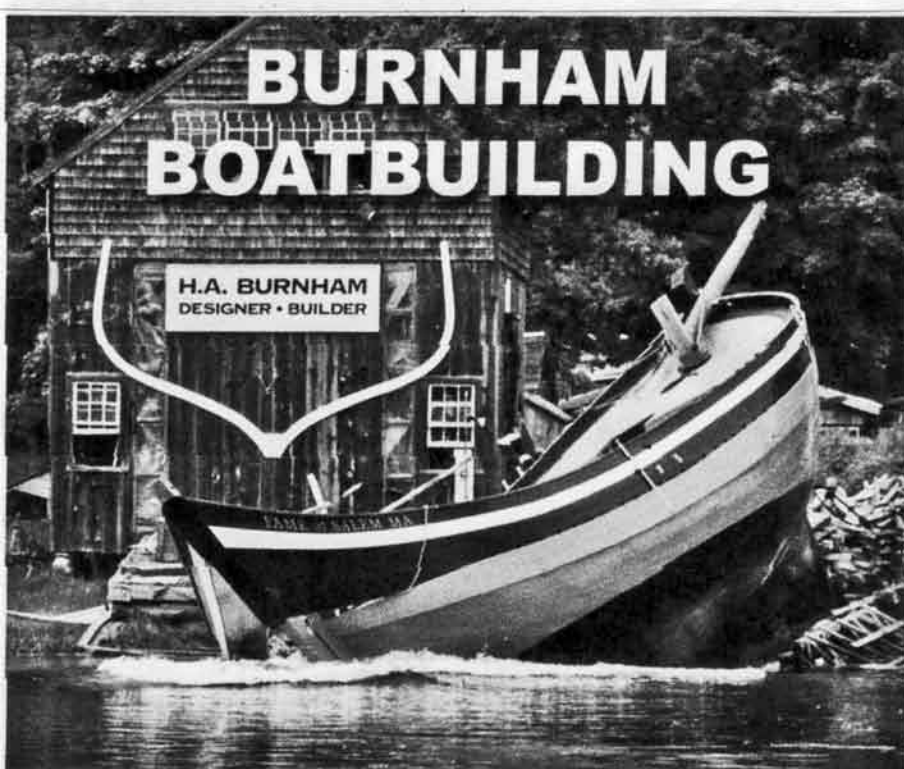
He and Mary Kay went aboard a few weeks ago in Bar Harbor, and surveyed the boat for what they would need. They cleaned the boat, checked the fluids, learned their way around and assessed whether or not she was really up for the trip back to Cape Ann.

The steering gear was loose; Harold got it aligned and bolted down firmly with a couple of timber locks. The *Beal* boasts a big, handsome Lunenburg wheel, but the helm does not respond quickly.

Harold purchased diving gear a number of years ago, which he's found useful in his work, and he dove on the boat, cleaned the prop, looked at the rudder fittings, and swam the length of the hull looking for issues. There is a large bucket of sawdust on deck in case of leaks.

Finally — beyond the electric pumps, generators, and trash pumps — they gathered all the required safety equipment, and tipped off the Coast Guard as to what we were about to attempt.

The *Beal* has had a rough time of late. After three decades of windjamming under John Worth, Geoff Jones (who took her all the way to Venezuela), Steve Pagels, and Butch Harris, the schooner was swapped back to Pagels. At that point, although Harris had done quite a bit of work on the



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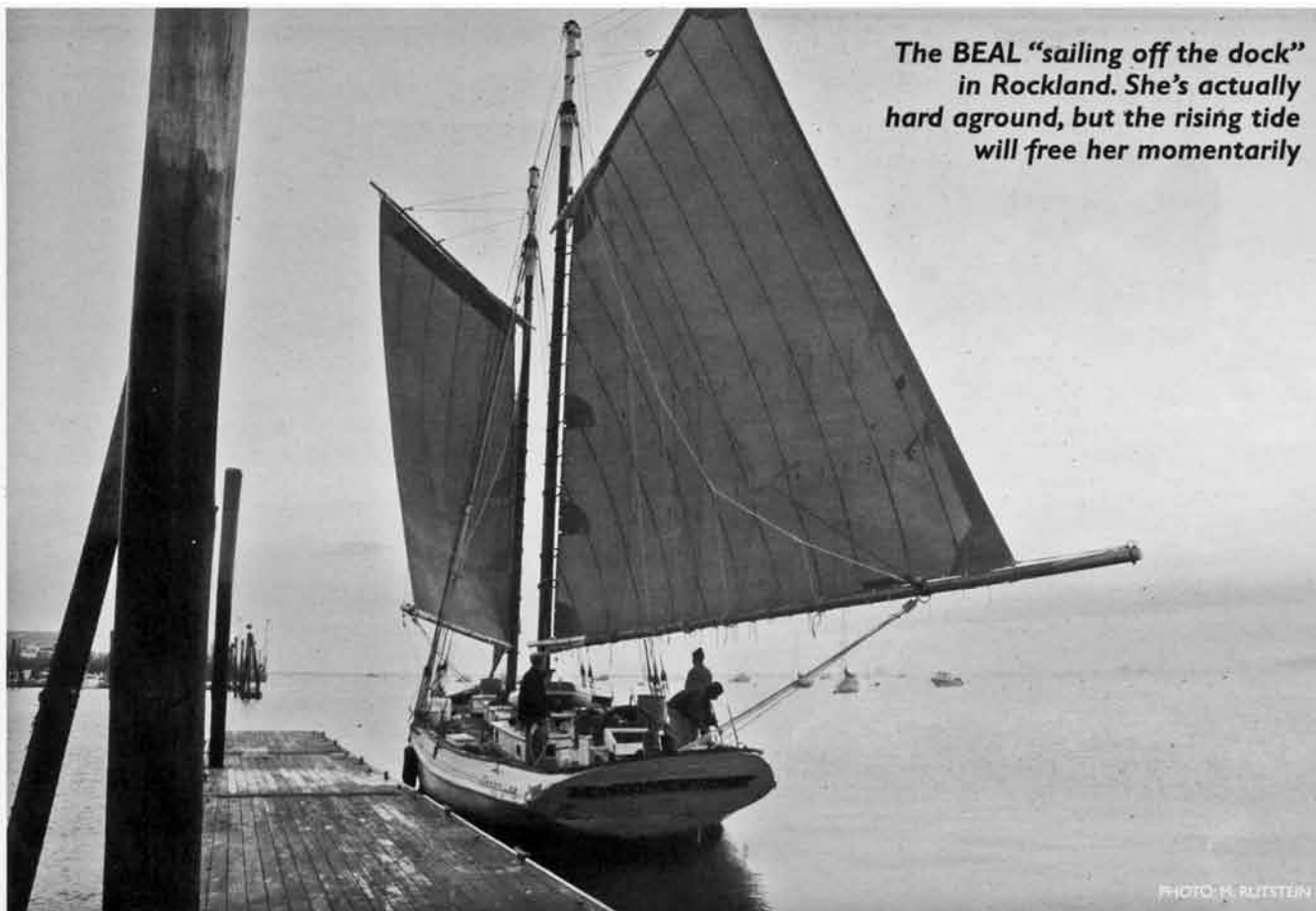
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**The BEAL “sailing off the dock” in Rockland. She’s actually hard aground, but the rising tide will free her momentarily**

PHOTO: H. RUTSTEIN

*Beal*, “age was catching up to her” according to Pagels.

“We hauled the schooner for a Coast Guard dry-dock inspection and then proceeded to replace about 15-20 bottom planks and some frames. We then completely refastened the bottom and recaulked the hull, and pulled the rig out for maintenance.”

Unfortunately, this work exhausted the budget set aside for the schooner, and she was not relaunched. Instead, she sat on the hard for a few years, “which did not help,” Pagels admits.

An effort a couple of years ago to bring the schooner to Nantucket for a restoration fell through, and the old schooner was dumped back into Pagels’ lap. She was left in the water last winter to keep her swelled up, and spent the summer on a mooring in Bar Harbor.

“We had other interest in the *Beal*, but most of it was from parties that had neither the knowledge and experience nor the vision that Harold Burnham has,” Pagels says.

Pagels is less interested in money than he is in seeing the boat live on. Some of the gear on board is his, on loan until the schooner can be safely delivered to Cape Ann.

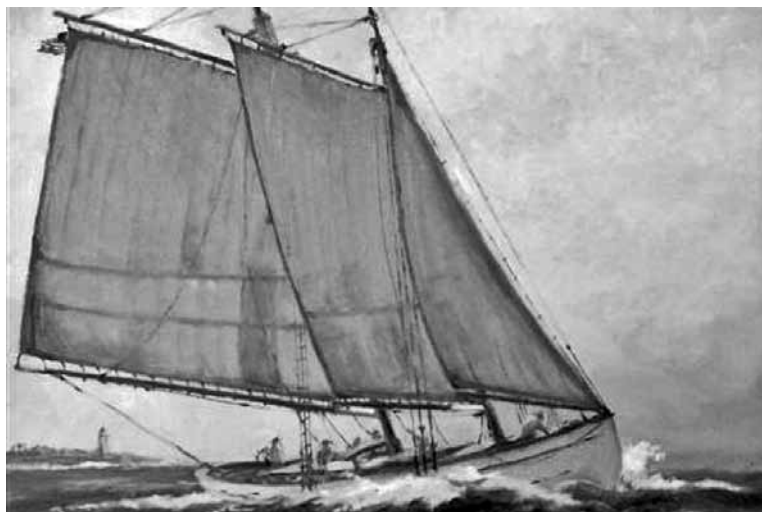
“The *Beal* could not be in better hands,” he affirms.

I ask Harold about his stated intention of getting the *Beal* named as a National Historic

Landmark. Clearly, she is just as historic as many other schooners that bear the designation. But with recognition come restraints. “Why bother?” I ask.

I have guessed at one possible answer: I’ve noticed that while the Gloucester sailing community likes to boast of their “Essex-built schooners” they really mean “Essex-built schooners from a hundred years ago” while discounting Harold’s more recent Essex-built schooners.

Harold has a full head of steam on this topic, steam he releases as he guides the *Beal* past Mosquito Island. He claims he doesn’t feel disrespected, but he does believe that National Historic Landmark status confers a credibility or authenticity that modern representations of traditional







schooners lack. There is “absolutely” a marketing benefit to being a National Historic Landmark, Harold says.

“There is great value in the story of this boat,” Harold emphasizes. “And not just the story of the boat — the story of the designer, the builder, the men who sailed her, the fisheries... these boats tie a lot of stories together, and together those stories make up our maritime heritage. That appeals to people, as a reason to sail on them.”

Harold emphasizes that the total rebuild he has planned for the *Beal* is not a demolition and reconstruction but rather a thoughtful restoration, based on the Standards and informed by the long history of this 1911 schooner in the fisheries, as a windjammer, and as a movie set (*Amistad* and *Age of Innocence*, back in the 1990s).

“When you build a new boat, it only goes back as far as you,” Harold tells a Gloucester reporter later that week. “When you fix an old one, it comes with a whole past of people and crews. You have an opportunity to become a steward of a real piece of history and you become part of something that’s bigger than just you.”

\* \* \*

The truth is, Harold has spent his career on both sides of that fence. He has worked on any number of vintage schooners, especially *Adventure* and *Ernestina-Morrissey*. He’s repaired aging Friendship sloops, Beetle Cats, and lob-

ster boats. But most notably, he has built five oak-on-oak, double-sawn-frame schooners, starting with the *Thomas E. Lannon* in 1997.

Three of these, like the *Lannon*, are representations of traditional schooners certified to carry 49 passengers, the maximum allowed under Subchapter T. Remarkably in this day and age, all three are still with their original owner, in their original port, executing their original business plan. In short, the boats are making money. Harold knows what works.

Harold also built a Chebacco boat, the *Lewis H. Story*, as a sailing flagship for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, and a schooner yacht named *Isabella*. But it wasn’t until he built the pinky *Ardelle* in 2011 that he began to be widely recognized for his work.

*Ardelle* was born out of desperation. During the Great Recession, nobody wanted a new schooner. Finally Harold decided to take the assets he had accumulated — timber, equipment, and the derelict pinky schooner *Maine*, which he bought for short money from the Maine Maritime Museum — and turn them into a new boat. The absence of cash did not deter him. *Ardelle* was largely built by volunteers. It takes a village, they say, and “village” is an apt description of Essex, where the Burnhams have lived and worked for nearly 400 years.

Teenagers, old men, townies, and friends from all over combined their talents to build and launch *Ardelle* in the



summer of 2011, and the communal nature of the project struck a chord not just on Cape Ann but nationally. In 2012, Burnham was named a National Heritage Fellow. The honor comes with a \$25,000 check and an invitation to Washington DC.

While the money is long gone — “that check hit my bank account and just exploded,” Burnham recalls gleefully — memories of *Ardelle’s* voyage to the nation’s capital live on. Fred was one of the crew, and he shares tales of that trip as the *Beal* enters Muscongus Bay. We’re swapping Harold stories.

\* \* \*

When the wind picks up — dead ahead — we strike the main and fore. Unwilling to trust in the schooner’s old fuel tank, Harold has rigged a new 20-gallon tank on deck, but the old diesel is thirsty and the tank requires filling several times a day.

I help Harold empty one of the jerry cans into the fuel tank, spilling some. Harold notes that anything spilled on this boat will quickly find its way through the porous deck and into the bilges. The deck, especially aft of the engine room hatch, is rough and there’s a large soft spot just to port of the wheel. One of the stanchions over there has a split that Zach believes is slowly widening.

Harold gazes at it thoughtfully. “Well, it might be,” he concedes, “but not too much.”

We all gravitate to the starboard side when steering.

Later, Harold drops down into the galley, where he commences working on a chowder for lunch. With the wind having come up and the schooner out in less protected water, she is rolling a bit. During one of Harold’s absences on deck, a pan he is using pitches onto the galley floor. This is reported by Mary Kay from below.

Mary Kay is grumpy. The rolling is getting to her. But she’s doing her job. At her request I go forward to check the water level in the focsle. It has risen during the morning’s motoring, and is within an inch or two of the floorboards. Fred and Harold have some difficulty with the portable pump, but after screwing around with it for a while, manage to pump the compartment dry. This reveals the amount of dirt and debris in the bilge and I spend ten minutes scooping it out with my bare hands into a firebucket, which is eventually filled. I am happy when I can return to the fresh

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**The BEAL's mainsail blew out as she sailed into Gloucester. Opposite: Fred and Harold (on cabin) raise the main; the BEAL high and dry; Owls Head Light.**



air on deck.

Another jerry can gets emptied into the fuel tank. Less gets spilled this time.

Harold produces two pots of delicious chowder for lunch, much appreciated by all but Mary Kay, who is not hungry.

Finally, we are off Fisherman Island and Harold proposes we set the sails again and enter Boothbay in style. He and Fred haul away on the halyards, Harold singing his cheerful wordless chantey, *ho, ho, ho!* while I steer. We leave a cluster of nuns to starboard and fall off the wind, heading north-northwest now. We have ten minutes of delightful sailing until Squirrel Island blocks the wind and we ghost along, the seas calmer and the air warmer. Out of Boothbay Harbor comes the Friendship sloop *Bay Lady*, heeled over and looking lovely in a breeze that barely gives us steerage-way.

Mary Kay perks up and has some chowder.

From time to time we get a slant of wind and the boat sails along; by the time we're in sight of the Boothbay Harbor Shipyard, we are ghosting again.

When the guys at the Shipyard see us coming, they run out to the end of the dock to snap photos with their phones. Harold's friend Levi makes exaggerated come-hither gestures, then brandishes a chainsaw above his head, laughing maniacally.

Everyone smiles at this, including Harold. The *Beal*

drifts on, past the Shipyard, into the inner harbor, where we drop the sails and start the engine.

The town dock is empty but for a small runabout tied up smack in the middle. Fortunately her people are nearby and they hasten to get out of the way as Harold skillfully backs the big schooner around a lobster pot and onto the dock.

\* \* \*

Within five minutes of tying up, Harold is itching to walk over to the shipyard, much to Mary Kay's chagrin. Harold is always running off somewhere. But he persists and soon we are getting the cook's tour of the *Ernestina-Morrissey*. She is almost completely planked up and the quality of the wood and of the workmanship is impressive.

"She looks like a million bucks!" I exclaim to one of the shipwrights.

"Eight million is more like it," he shoots back.

Harold has been working with the Massachusetts Department of Conservation and Recreation and the Shipyard at Boothbay Harbor on *Ernestina-Morrissey* for many years now. He wrote the standards of workmanship and oversaw the work in 2008-2009, and likewise wrote the current preservation plan in 2013 and is overseeing the ongoing work.

Nobody is more aware than he that precious little of the original 1894 schooner remains. The parallels between her



CODY CARNATHAN



and the *Beal* are not lost on Harold. Maybe it's just a piece of the keel, a companion ladder, a hatch, and a piece of ironwork that remain from the original. But the story remains and cannot be replaced or rebuilt. It is the relationship between the parts, not the parts themselves, that make the boat.

The workday ends and Harold leads the shipyard crew back to the town dock for a deeply technical tour of the *Beal*. Harold tells them of his plans to take her first to the Maritime Heritage Center in Gloucester and haul her out on the railway, where she'll make a fascinating exhibit over the winter and Harold will take out her ballast, engine, spars, and whatever else can be moved.

The winter will also provide an opportunity to document the vessel's history and start the application for National Historic Landmark status. Eventually, the old girl will be brought around to Harold's Essex boatyard, where the real work will begin.

The shipyard crew understands exactly what they are looking at, and what it will take to bring the *Beal* back. Beers are in everyone's hands. But the looks on the crew's faces are sober indeed.

Just before sunset, the wind shifts and

strengthens. The weather is changing. With the help of the shipyard crew, we reset the docklines. Once the boat is squared away, we repair to the Fisherman's Wharf Inn, where more friends of Harold's treat us to Dark & Stormys.

Outside, darkness falls, and the rain begins. It's going to rain tonight and all day tomorrow on the *Sylvana W. Beal*, but there are better days ahead. ☼

*Captain Mike Rutstein is the owner and operator of the schooner Fame of Salem, which was launched by Harold Burnham in 2003. He is the publisher of Marlinspike.*

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### Correction to Part Two

As some of you might have noticed, I had an error of geography in Part 2. The southern outlet of the Chesapeake Bay is at Cape Henry, not Cape Lookout. Point Lookout is where the Potomac River enters the Bay. I got the two names confused. There is no Cape Lookout in Virginia.

### Keep on Sailing

I arrived at Key Harbor the afternoon of May 12, happy to find such a sheltered place as the forecast was for severe thunderstorms that evening. Early that morning, while at anchor in Basses Bay, I had spilled boiling water on my left foot while preparing coffee. The result was a severe and painful scalding of the skin on the top of my foot. I secured *Tidings* in a slip large enough for a 50 footer and hobbled up to the marina office to do the paperwork. I struck up a conversation with a yacht salesman at the marina who was having a slow afternoon. He volunteered to drive me to a nearby grocery store to get some bandage material so that I could better deal with my wounded foot. He was also gracious enough to wait there and drive me back to the marina. I am very grateful but neglected to write down his name.

The thunderstorm passed us by at a safe distance without any local effects. I settled in for a quiet night taking advantage of shore power to recharge my computer, phone, and storage battery. Mike Wick called me that evening and volunteered to crew for the trip through New York City. I was pleased to have him along and we agreed that he would meet me in the morning there at the marina.

Mike arrived on time the next morning with a car full of clothing and boating equipment, most of which he left right there in the car. He brought some clothes, rain gear and his CPAP device aboard the boat. Mike and I have been friends and sailing companions for many years. We have traveled together down to Florida and up to Nova Scotia on sail camping trips. I am compulsively neat. Mike is unhampered by any need to be tidy or even organized. Yet somehow we work well together and enjoy each other's company.



Both of us snore, so it used to be a race to see who could fall asleep first. The CPAP device, which prevents sleep apnea, stops Mike's snoring but makes weird Darth Vader like noises during the night. I got used to it. For the first couple of years of using the device Mike carried a car battery to provide

## Tidings Great Adventure (Part 3)

By Douglass Oeller  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

### Background

This is the third in a series of articles in which I describe the beginning of my trip to circumnavigate the "lower 48" of the United States in a 19' Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The end of Part Two had *Tidings* docked at Key Harbor Marina in Waretown New Jersey.

12v power while camping. The car battery was heavy, bulky and we had no way to recharge it. So I was very pleased that he showed up this time with a slim new high tech battery that can run the unit for two nights, weighs about a pound and can be quickly recharged when shore power is available.

As we carried his gear from the car to *Tidings*, Mike noticed that I was limping. I explained about the burn and that I also had sciatic pain in the same leg which restricted my ability to walk very far. He advised that it would be no disgrace to pause the trip until I felt better. He offered to drive me back to Maryland to get my truck and trailer so that we could pull *Tidings* out of the water. I gave it some thought but decided I would be in pain whether on the boat or at home. And sailing the boat would provide more distraction. The sciatica was not painful in a sitting position. So it did not raise any safety concerns. I decided to keep on sailing.

### Barnegat Bay and Onward

Waretown is on the western shore of Barnegat Bay just opposite the inlet and Barnegat Light. We left the marina at 1150 hours on May 13, motorsailing in a light rain. Our destination for that evening was Bay Head. I wrote on the yellow pad that I used for a log-book that we were heading "to" Bay Head. Mike corrected me, explaining that it was bad luck and poor form to declare you were going "to" a destination. Sailors go "toward" a destination. I inferred that the sea gods may view the use of "to" as hubris. So I changed the word to "toward."

We had good wind that day but it was mostly from the northeast, which is the way we were heading. We spent some parts of the day sailing, some parts motorsailing and ended up with only the D sail working as we made our way up the bay. The rain came and went all day reminding us how much fun it is to be a small boat sailor. *Tidings* had no dodger to protect us from wind and rain. We just dress appropriately for the conditions.

I have heard several variations on the theme, "There is no bad weather, only bad clothing." I have good clothing and enjoyed the variety of weather that New Jersey was showing us. Mike chose to keep his raincoat jacket unzipped. He got a bit wet but evidently not cold. I think that in a previous incarnation Mike was a Labrador Retriever. I was probably a Collie.

Because we had the D sail working much of the time, we made faster progress than expected and reached Bay Head in the late afternoon. As the name implies, Bay

Head is the northern extremity of Barnegat Bay. From there, the Point Pleasant canal leads to Manasquan, which has a well protected inlet providing access to the ocean. We decided to spend the night at the Bay Head end of the canal anchored in a shallow creek near Point Pleasant.

We rose early the next morning and enjoyed sunrise while drinking carefully prepared hot coffee in the cockpit. The rain had stopped and the marine forecast was favorable for our short venture into the ocean to travel from Manasquan toward Atlantic Highlands. We decided to wait for the turn of the tide so that the current would assist us going through the canal and out the inlet. While waiting, we topped off the Diesel tank from a five gallon jug that I carry in the anchor well.

*Tidings* has no electronic fuel gauge. We check the fuel level using a dipstick that goes directly into the tank. The tank holds four gallons. The stick has lines scribed for each gallon. The screw cap providing access to the tank is close to the starboard side of the boat. The first year that I had her, I checked the level one afternoon, read one gallon remaining and decided to wait until evening to fill the tank knowing that the D sail can run at least three hours on one gallon of fuel.

When the engine quit a short while later it dawned on me that I had been sitting on the starboard gunnel while checking the fuel level. My weight had heeled the boat over, making the scant remaining fuel pool right there under the dipstick. It is not a simple matter to bleed the air out of the fuel line when one has run a Diesel engine dry. I only needed to make that mistake once. Now I check the fuel level while standing in the center of the cockpit and I top off if the level is at or below two gallons.

We motored to the southern entrance of the Point Pleasant canal just after the tide change and encountered a few sport fishing boats with the same plan in mind. We joined the line and this small flotilla entered the canal in single file. The trip through took about 30 minutes and was uneventful. I kept a watchful eye astern this time remembering an earlier scare while transiting the C&D canal.

After clearing the canal, we turned right to make our way out the Manasquan Inlet. There was boat traffic entering and leaving the inlet, but we had good visibility and calm water and made our exit without any excitement at 1020 hours. The ocean was calm with a light easterly breeze as we turned left along the beach to run northward toward Atlantic Highlands while keeping about a mile offshore.

We still had a strong cellphone signal and I received a text from my friend, Jim Drake, shortly after we established our north-bound course. Jim had attached a photo to his text. It was a picture of *Tidings* going through the Manasquan Inlet a few minutes earlier. Unbeknown to Mike and me, there is a "surf cam" nearby that is accessible on the internet. Jim had been watching us through this camera from his computer at home. It was fun to see the photo but a little spooky to be under surveillance. We resolved to be more discreet with our urinating behavior henceforth.

### Where's *Tidings* Today?

Jim knew our location because I carried a SPOT unit on board that broadcast our GPS coordinates. I kept the unit clipped to my personal flotation device (PFD). I turned it off an



hour after anchoring or docking each day so that my family and friends would know my location and that I had stopped for the day. I turned it on each morning when I put the PFD on before hoisting anchor or leaving the marina. The unit, which is battery operated and smaller than a pack of cigarettes, sends a message to a website run by the vendor. The purchaser is provided with an internet link to this site that can be shared by email with those who might want to follow a trip. The link can be used at any time to see a series of previous positions plotted on a satellite map.

The SPOT purchaser can choose the frequency of position broadcasts. I have mine set for 30 minute intervals. I carried this unit because I knew that there would be times when *Tidings* was out of cell phone range and I would not be able to check in with my wife at the end of the day. Being able to see where I stopped each day gave her some peace of mind. Another unanticipated benefit of the unit was that it allowed many of my friends, like Jim, to enjoy the trip vicariously by viewing the satellite images, <https://www.findmespot.com>.

### Ocean Sailing

As mentioned in earlier articles, I did not have any experience sailing *Tidings* in the ocean before beginning this trip. I have done some coastal cruising on larger boats so knew what to expect. But when I get offshore in a 19' boat there is a peculiar feeling of vulnerability. There is only one inlet between Manasquan and Sandy Point. If the conditions became unpleasant after we passed the Shark River, we had two choices, turn back or carry on. I was comforted knowing that Mike has done six trans Atlantic crossings in sailing yachts and cruised extensively in his own small boat in challenging conditions in the British Isles. I also knew that *Tidings* was designed to be an "open water" boat. So I welcomed the opportunity to make this trip in a sturdy boat with a trusted companion.

As the day progressed the wind picked up and, at 1400 hours, we were able to douse the D sail. We raised the jib and mainsail and proceeded under blessed quiet for a change. I really enjoyed that. There was a gentle swell with wave heights about 6'. The sun was bright. The air temperature was in the high 60s. Life was very good. We took turns at the helm, changing every hour as we continued up the coast. When I wasn't steering, I enjoyed gazing out to sea and then back toward the beach towns that came and went as we slowly advanced up the coast. Once I thought I saw a pilot whale. But it was only a glimpse and may have been wishful thinking.

Fortunately the good weather persisted through the day with sunshine and a pleasant breeze. The wind strengthened in the late afternoon and we had a wonderful romp around Sandy Hook and into Sandy Hook Bay. It was sailing at its best, a strong breeze with pleasant temperatures in sheltered waters. We cut close to shore as we rounded the point and startled a few fishermen who were surfcasting along the beach. Then we headed into the town marina at Atlantic Highlands Harbor.

### Atlantic Highlands Harbor

The dockmaster had gone home for the night when we arrived at the marina at 1700 hours. This was a common situation throughout the trip. It was still mid May and the marina staff in most places were not yet

working summer hours. My practice was to find a convenient vacant slip, tie up for the night and handle the formalities of registration and payment the next morning. There being no one to object, we decided to tie up broadside to the long floating dock near the launch ramp as this afforded easy access to shore. We figured that there wouldn't be much traffic at that time of day.

We were wrong. As the sun began to set, a steady stream of outboard powered fishing boats made their way into the marina and used the launch ramp. These were fishermen who had been out chasing striped bass. The dock was long enough to accommodate us and the transient traffic. So we decided to stay put.

The next morning we had breakfast ashore in a dockside diner. As we walked past a row of charter fishing boats, and later in the diner, I was impressed by the blue language of the yard workers and the charter boat crews. I am no stranger to profanity but I have never heard the F word used so often and in such creative ways as I did during the two days that we spent at AHH. At first it was a bit shocking. But it soon became F'ing amusing.

I had a teleconference scheduled for noon that day. The plan was to stay in the marina until the call was complete, do an afternoon sightseeing sail around Sandy Hook Bay and spend the night at anchor just inside Sandy Hook. That way we would have a shorter run into New York Harbor the following morning. The weather had other ideas. As the day progressed the heat and humidity increased and the marine forecast was for strong thunderstorms in the evening and overnight. I made a command decision to stay in the marina for a second night and moved *Tidings* into a small and well sheltered slip that the dockmaster assigned to us.

I don't think I mentioned in the previous articles that *Tidings* towed a 7'7" Nutshell pram for a dinghy on this trip. The dinghy's name is *PS* and I was disappointed at how many people missed the joke of *Tidings* and *PS*. I suppose very few people write letters any more. At 1700 hours, as the skies darkened and the wind increased, I decided to pull *PS* onto the floating dock and lash her down for safety. There was another dinghy tied to the end of the dock.

As I was finishing my task, a young German couple came hurrying down the dock carrying a small dog and a large pizza. They boarded the dinghy, loaded dog and pizza, cast off just as the rain began to fall and buzzed out to their cruising yacht which was on a mooring in the harbor. I imagine that they had a fine romantic evening sharing the pizza and a bottle of wine, safe in their comfortable boat as the lightning flashed and the rain fell on the cabin roof.

Meanwhile, Mike and I scurried through the rain to a dockside restaurant for a decidedly non romantic dinner. But we did enjoy watching the storm blow across the harbor. The clouds were almost black and lightning was plentiful. During a lull in the storm we made our way back to *Tidings*. I lit the oil lamp, which quickly warmed the small cabin, and we sipped bourbon while studying the chart and finalizing our plan to transit New York Harbor the next morning. Not luxury perhaps, but not too shabby either.

Mike is no stranger to New York Harbor and the East River. During his Navy days he conned a ship there. In later years he has made the transit in a variety of private ves-

sels. He advised, as did my cruising guidebook, that the key to a safe and comfortable passage was timing the entrance to the East River for just after the change of tide so that the current would assist the boat but would not yet be at full strength. We measured the distance on the chart, consulted the tide table, and calculated that if we left the marina at 0530 hours, and maintained a speed of 5 knots, we would reach the entrance to the East River at the optimal time. Each of us did the calculations independently and reached the same conclusion. We set the alarm for 0430 hours, doused the oil lamp and turned in early as lightning flashed and the storm continued out there in the bay.

### Going through New York Harbor

I didn't need the alarm to wake me in the morning. I was excited and a bit nervous about the trip. We had a cup of coffee, retrieved *PS* and left the marina at 0520 hours under dark and cloudy skies. The storm had stopped but the weather was not destined to clear for many more days. There was very little boat traffic as we crossed Sandy Hook Bay and made our way out. It was too early for the fishermen and commercial vessels. The transit was to be under D sail alone so that we could go directly toward our destination and maintain the speed of 5 knots. I mentioned previously that 4.5 knots seems to be *Tidings* preferred cruising speed but I wanted to get through the harbor as quickly as possible so we ran at 5 knots for this leg of the trip.

As the sun rose we chugged north and east across the Lower Bay and entered the Chapel Hill channel, keeping a wary eye out for shipping traffic. We could see the Verrazano Narrows Bridge in the distance hours before we reached it. As we entered The Narrows, just south of the bridge, we noticed a tanker making her way into the harbor behind us. We stayed on the west side of The Narrows so that she would be well clear of us. Once past the bridge, we entered the Anchorage Channel where there was a line of ships at anchor. We decided to pass these ships on the west side reasoning that it would keep us clear of the tanker and she would safely pass us while we were behind them. Then we could turn right, cross to the eastern side and be set up to enter the East River.

We passed the anchored ships and were just south of the Kill van Kull, which is a shipping channel leading to Newark Bay, when we realized that the tanker had slowed almost to a halt and was still directly to our east. We assumed that she was waiting for a tugboat. Now we had to decide whether to pass her ahead or astern. We headed east and in short order the tanker's captain hailed us on channel 16 to ask our intentions. I advised that we planned to pass astern of his vessel. He told us that was OK but to be aware that another ship would soon be exiting "the Kill" and heading toward our present position. So we needed to make our move quickly.

We did so. I pushed the speed up to 5.5 knots with the little D sail screaming. I expected Mike to take on the character of Scotty from Star Trek and yell, "She'll no take much more o' this Cap'n!" But he just sat calmly looking at the chart. After what seemed like a long time, we passed astern of our nemesis tanker and were able to turn north again toward Governor's Island. I slowed the engine to maintain a speed of 4.5 knots. We reached the Buttermilk Channel, south of Governor's Island, at 0835 hours,



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feeling grateful to have safely crossed the Upper Bay and Anchorage Channel safely. We didn't realize it at the time but our speed changes and course diversion to avoid the tanker had significantly changed our arrival time at the East River. And, as you all know, time and tide wait for no man.

The water in the Anchorage Channel had been relatively calm with just a slight chop. As soon as we entered Buttermilk Channel it was like motoring into a washing machine. There was so much boat traffic that the wakes just churned the waterway into a confused mess. Most of the boats were ferries and their courses seemed erratic to me. Poor little *Tidings* danced, pitched, yawed, tossed and turned. But she kept us safe and moving generally in the desired direction. We passed under the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges and into the East River.

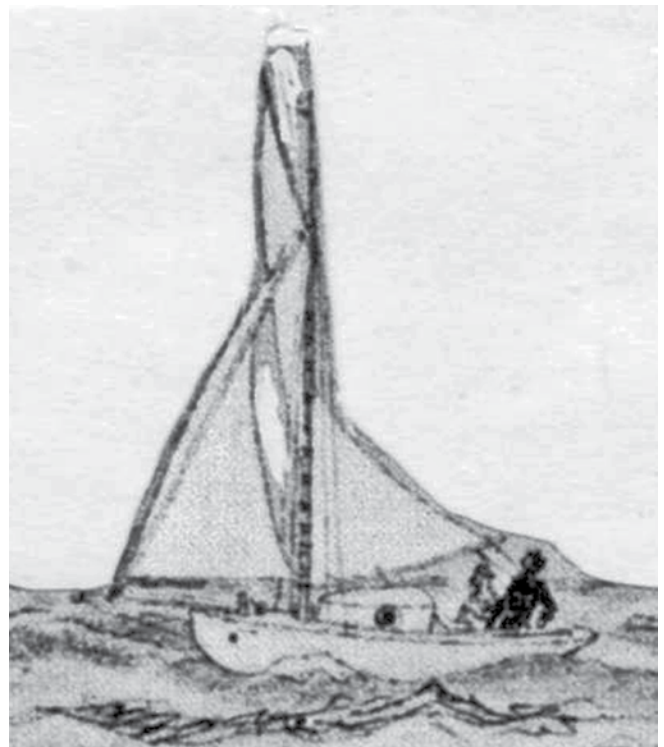
I noticed that the GPS was showing a boat speed of 6.5 knot so we knew that the current was now moving us faster than hull speed. I had to increase the engine speed to provide propeller wash over the rudder in order to maintain steering. The speed, combined with trying to steer straight while staying out of the way of a murderous mass of ferryboats, had me wide eyed and alert. I had been steering for several hours. Mike offered to take over but I declined. I know that Mike is the better sailor but this was a rite of passage for me in my sailing career. I wanted to be at the helm for the entire trip through the harbor and river.

The river became calmer as we progressed northward and the boat speed continued to increase in concert with the tidal current. We stayed west of Roosevelt Island and in that most narrow stretch of water our speed reached 10.5 knots, which is almost twice *Tidings'* hull speed. Just past the island we reached Hell Gate. This is a section of the river notorious for rough water. Sometimes a standing wave forms there due to the forces of the water flowing over rock formations on the bottom. Thankfully there was no standing wave and our passage through Hells Gate was rapid but without any drama.

I started to relax and a feeling of fatigue came over me as the adrenaline rush tapered off. Then it started to rain. Mike and I looked at one another, grinned and agreed that it doesn't get any better than this.

The last entry in my log for this East River passage is in Mike's handwriting and shows that we passed Rikers Island at 0952 hours. My recollection is that by then the water was calm and the current was much less of an issue. We carried on under the Throgs Neck Bridge and anchored in shallow water for a hot meal and to take shelter from the now steady rain. The passage had taken about five hours. We were wet, cold and tired. A bowl of soup proved therapeutic and we decided to stay there for a while longer while we took a long nap.

(To Be Continued)



When Steve Warfle started talking up another sailing trip in the Thousand Island region of the St Lawrence River last year at MASCF 2017, I got excited. You see, three years earlier Steve in his Sea Pearl *Wildcat*, Doug Oeller and Joe Manascalco in his Cornish Shrimper *Tidings* and I in my Navigator *Slip Jig* did a similar trip that was nothing short of amazing. This year was the same boats with the addition of Paul Skalka in his Handy Cat *Red Molly* and crew substitution of Joe with Ed Newlands, Doug's cousin-in-law, on *Tidings*.

The plan was set for the week immediately following Labor Day, Tuesday to Saturday, destination to be dictated by the forecast but the possibilities were numerous. This time of year would put most of the recreational river traffic in the rear view mirror, but that also meant that the tourist based businesses and towns scaled back their hours of operations making getting sundries, like say ice or whiskey, nothing short of challenging. Nonetheless it is the ideal time to do some sailing as the water temperature is as warm as it will get up there.

The Thousand Island region is aptly named. It begins at the easternmost end of Lake Ontario where the river begins its flow to the sea. The river straddles the US Canadian border and is sprinkled with 1,864 islands for a distance of roughly 50 miles. With this many islands you can image that there are more than a couple of rock outcroppings that also lurk just below the surface, but the river is quite deep in parts, too. This mix of islands with narrow passages, rocks, deep and shallow water can set up for some very interesting and confusing currents. In wider areas of the river the current is much less discernable which make sailing feel like on a lake, albeit a lake that occasionally has large freighters that pass through.

The area is pretty well charted and marked with aids to navigation which is a very good thing. Winding in and out of all those islands can become very confusing very quickly if you aren't diligently charting your position and progress. Add to that is you are in and out of US and Canadian waters and you need to know where you are before you set an anchor because you must go through Customs first before you set anchor in another country's territory. Certainly don't want to have any run ins with the border patrol! I will say that going through the Canadian customs was far easier than the US. The US was based on an iPad at a kiosk that didn't work and a recommendation for a phone app, which also didn't work.

The majority of the inhabited islands have these wonderful "cottages," many of which date back to the early 1900s.



Interspersed with the sailing were stops in town for dinners, frequent swims in the crystal clear fresh water, the quest for ice and whiskey, a further quest for a cab to get said

## Sailing the Thousand Islands

By Kevin Brennan  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware river TSCA

ice and whiskey, a visit to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton New York, and a visit to Boldt Castle. Now I'm sure we are all at least vaguely away of the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton so I won't go into detail on that except to say that if you haven't been there and are going to be in the region then it is a "must visit."

Boldt Castle is a testament to what can be done with seemingly endless wealth. The really short story is about an immigrant named George Boldt who came to this country with nothing, worked like a dog in the service/hotel industry and ended up a millionaire magnate at a time when being a millionaire really meant something. In 1900 he decided to build this amazing castle on an island for his wife, and when she died suddenly he pulled the plug on the whole thing, when it was months away from completion, and walked away from it.



When I first visited this place in 1986 the place was heavily vandalized and in a terrible state of disrepair. The Thousand Island Bridge Authority took possession of the place in 1977 and much work has been done to restore it in the intervening years, but it is interesting that it will never be completed. The plan is to take it as far as George Boldt had before he walked away from it after the passing of his wife. The whole time we were going through this I had to keep reminding myself that no one ever lived in it. Do yourself a favor and do a google search on this to learn the history of it and its remarkable story. Better still, go see it.

We enjoyed a couple of days of some of the best sailing I've had, some amazingly beautiful anchorages, fresh water swims, GREAT camaraderie and local hospitality that restored our faith in humanity. We also endured some windless stretches, heat and on our last night half a gale that prevented any of us from getting any decent sleep, but I wouldn't have traded this for the world. I strongly encourage you consider the trip. I'll let the pictures give you the flavor of the experience.



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## On the Way to Attu

The Coast Guard Cutter *Storis* had a very large area to work. Our homeport was Kodiak and the western end of our area was Attu. Attu is the westernmost island of the Aleutians. I would guess that it is 1,500 miles from Kodiak. We didn't go there often.

In the '50s there was a Loran station on Attu and it was one of our duties to help service this station. I believe they had an air strip but it was still very remote. We got there once the year I was aboard.

Early in the summer we headed west to service the Aleutians. We made several stops along the way to service remote unmanned lights and a score of other duties. On this trip we had a number of passengers including some wildlife men doing a study of sea otters that were just beginning to come back from near extinction. Another passenger was a 12-year-old Aleut boy who we were taking home to his village on one of the islands midway down the chain.

My day job on the *Storis* was in the main cargo hold. I was the boss there until the chief came along. I even had an office, which I shared with a board full of hand tools and my prize Singer sewing machine. Among my other duties I was the ship's sailmaker.

The 12-year-old was all boy and restless after spending some time at the Kodiak base hospital. He wandered around the ship and would kill time anywhere the guys would let him stay. After a few days at sea he found my space. We got along quite well. At 12 he was the man of the house. I could tell he was serious about his responsibility. His father had died in a whaling accident a few years earlier and he lived with his mother and five sisters. He had gone to Kodiak's hospital a couple of months earlier and had been waiting for a chance to get home. I got to know this young man pretty well in the short time we had together and felt a mixture of respect and sadness for him.

The chief bosun was my boss in the hold. He came down one morning and we opened the hatch to the storage hold below the main hold. Together we sorted through all of the foul weather gear and found a dozen of the worst ones and threw them upon the deck above. After we buttoned up the he said to make bundles of them and weight them well and deep six them.

I was doing just that when I had this 12-year-old visitor. He figured out instantly what I was up to. "Are you going to deep six them?" he asked. He talked me into waiting a day and deep sixing them on the dock at his village. This was against my orders but I really liked this kid and decided to do just that. Those poor Aleuts would find a good use for our worn out stuff.

The next day we tied up at the pier in his village. It was a pretty substantial dock, probably built in WWII. Our ship nearly covered the whole length of the pier. The boy went home. The ship's doctor set up shop and saw anyone with medical problems and the fannies went over the side. The kid was as good as his word, the bundles disappeared just as fast as I could carry them on deck and drop them over the side.

Later that day the boy was back onboard to thank me and I got an invitation that I never got the chance to accept. "I have five sisters," he said, "you come to my place for supper." That kind of invitation a sailor doesn't get very often.

## Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

In mid afternoon the wind began increasing and our dock faced north into the Bering Sea. We had no shelter from this north wind so the decision was made that we had to get underway. "Someone find Red Dog and hurry back," the captain ordered. Red Dog was a buff Labrador mix. He was the ship's mascot. He had girlfriends on all the islands. There are probably some of his offspring still mixed with the huskies in the Aleutians.

The doctor hurried his patients off and the last one over the gangplank was Red Dog returning. The ship was beginning to roll against the dock as we singled up. By the time the last lines were aboard the ship was rolling about 20°. We got away from the dock before we beat it to death.

We headed back into the Pacific headed west towards Attu. We never got back to that island and I have always wondered what I missed at this supper.

## A Shore Party

Our duties in *Storis* were varied. We did spend a good bit of time servicing light-houses on the coast of western Alaska. Alaska's Prince William Sound is separated from the Gulf of Alaska by two large islands and a couple of smaller ones. The largest of these is Montague. Hitchenbrook Island is slightly smaller but it has the light that guides the ships in from the sea. Hitchinbrook is about 30 miles long. There is a light near the western end that is about 60 miles from the town of Cordova. Cordova was at that time one of my favorite liberty ports.

On this trip we didn't make it to Cordova, we spent nearly a week on the island helping a Coast Guard maintenance detachment install an antenna pole for a Loran transmitter. In '59 the Coast Guard was still expanding the Loran system and we were helping to get one on the air that would fan out its signals over the Gulf of Alaska into the north Pacific.

Everything that came ashore at this light was landed on a small beach and hauled uphill on a tramway to the light about a half mile away. The maintenance crew had been ashore for some time and had drilled holes into the bedrock for the guy lines and cut one really large hole into which the antenna pole was to drop. Our crew delivered the pole and a crew to help get it into place.

The pole was a large telephone pole about 85' long and nearly 3' through at its base. I don't know what it weighed but I did notice a real list on the ship when it was hoisted over the side. I was glad that I was selected for the shore party even though we did earn our keep that week. A group of us from the ship went ashore in the LCVP and towed the pole behind in the water.

The boat hit the beach and dropped the ramp and we stormed ashore like a bunch of Marines. The helmsman hollered, "Not so fast, guys. We have a ton of supplies that have to be moved out of my boat and onto that tram car." I was about to get a lesson about how a lighthouse works.

When all the supplies were on the tram car the helmsman raised the ramp and backed

out into deeper water awaiting further orders. The rest of us hiked up the hill behind the tram car. The view from the front yard of the lighthouse was spectacular. This spot had to be one of the prettiest spots I had ever been. Prince William Sound has in recent years become a real tourist Mecca. The ocean side of this island was as nice as anywhere on the Sound.

I soon learned that the crew that was stationed there didn't seem to enjoy the view. Poor guys, four of them stayed hidden inside their house. They were assigned to the rock for a year, to them it was like a jail sentence. The weather was about as good as it gets for the whole time we were there yet I never saw one of the lighthouse crew outside.

I also noticed that I never saw any two of them at the same time. I had a feeling that they never talked to each other. I felt that these poor souls had talked themselves out in their first few months together and had nothing left to talk about. They loved to talk to us.

The head man on the maintenance crew gave us a talk explaining what we had to do and how he planned to get the job done. The first step was to get the pole up to the site. A bunch of us headed back to the beach and got the small end of the pole onto the top deck of the tram car, lashing it there. After a few words were spoken on a walkie talkie, the cable came tight and the tram car started uphill dragging the pole with it. The pole bumped over every tie in the way up but it followed the tram car like an obedient puppy.

Back on top I got a look at the machine that was making all this happen. At the upper end of the track there was a small shed housing the winch. This shed was about the size of a one car garage. It had doors that opened to allow the car inside. The winch had a large drum that held about a mile of wire and a large set of reduction gears. The power for this was provided by an engine that looked like it was from a Model A Ford truck. It did everything we asked of it.

We now had the pole near the top of the hill laying just outside of the winch house. We had in hand a lot of muscle so we moved the pole to the site with the large end very near to the hole that had been dug for it. This hole was on the top of a small mound with the small end laying downhill from it.

The plan to get the pole upright was simple, it would have been great if it had worked. We uncoupled the tram car and pulled about a quarter mile of wire and ran it through fairlead blocks located to route the wire around two 90's and back up the hill. We cut a few small spruce trees out of the way so the wire could run cleanly and lashed the fairlead blocks to the root ends of a couple of fairly large trees.

We had to get the wire to pull from a point that would lift the small end of the pole. It was decided that a large bipod mast set up over the hole should provide the right lead. The project chief found a couple of tall spruce trees close by and down they came. We brushed them off and had a nice pair of poles about half as long as the antenna pole.

It was nice to have lots of muscle. We dragged these poles out of the woods and set up our hoisting mast. We lashed the small ends together and lashed the large ends into place straddling the hole. We left a couple of long lines attached near the upper lashings and used these to hoist the bipod into place and hold it there. It was approaching the end of a long Alaskan summer day so we then headed back to the ship. The hoist would happen first thing in the morning.



Back on the island next morning, we felt that we were as ready as we could get. The winch wire was led through the woods and over the top of the bipod and attached midway up the antenna pole. The winch was fired up and we were ready to go. Everyone not doing a critical job stood clear as the commands were given and the wire came tight. The pole slid endways slightly, tightening the lashings at its base. It looked like all was going well as the small end began to lift off the ground.

The pole lifted a foot, then five, then changed direction and swung sideways about 90° and came crashing to the ground. Back to square one. The powers that be were all standing around scratching their heads and we were sent back to the ship while they worked up a Plan B. This wasn't much changed but someone had realized that we needed something to keep the pole from swinging sideways. It was also decided that we could improve upon the bipod idea. We would build a tower to run the wire over and get the pull to come from a higher point.

I remembered that when I was a Boy Scout I always wanted to build a tower like that shown in the field manual. They never let me do that at Scout Camp, we couldn't cut down all the tress required. Here on Hitchinbrook Island with billions of board feet of standing spruce that was not a problem.

Give a Boy Scout a chain saw and see what he can do. Trees were falling all over the woods, getting brushed off and hauled to the construction site. A tower began to take shape. By noon it stood pretty impressively in front of the hole. We were about ready to try again. The guys wires were attached this time to the top of the pole and 1" diameter ropes were attached to the ends of these guys.

The new extended guys were stretched out at 90° to the direction of the pull and secured with several wraps around convenient trees. We were all set now for Take 2. This went well, we even had cameras going. The pole lifted as planned and slid forward into its hole as a couple of sailors on each guy kept things under control. A cheer went up from about 50 hooligans who had come over to watch.

One at a time the ropes were removed from the guys, which were then run through their anchor rings and secured with Crosby clamps. When everything was secure, we all headed back to the ship, by this time there were several boatloads of us.

In the morning we made one more trip to the island to get the maintenance crew off with all their tools and then headed east for a rendezvous with the cutter *Sedge* off Cape St Elias light for another shore party. The poor souls at this light would be alone again until they got relieved. I hoped for their sake that

it wouldn't be too much longer. They were in bad shape and probably wouldn't make it through a winter.

## Clearing the Beach

When the *Storis* left the job at Hitchinbrook we steamed overnight and by morning were off Cape St Elias at the eastern end of our work area. We rendezvoused with the cutter *Sedge* that was based in Cordova. We had a job that would keep both crews busy for one long day, cleaning up a beach. I had been to the Cape before during the winter but had never been ashore there. I went ashore in the first boat.

When we left Kodiak we loaded a tank on our working deck, a WWII amphibious tank. I don't know what it weighed but it was a good grunt for our 50 ton boom. I thought I would be willing to ride in any kind of watercraft but I wasn't ready for this one.



When we had a small crew aboard someone hooked up a bridle to the hook on the main boom. Up and over the side we went and were lowered into the water. I expect a boat to float, when one hits the water the slings come slack and it is turned loose. Tanks don't behave in quite the same way.

For a short time I felt like I was riding in an iron coffin. This watercraft sank deeper and deeper into the water until I was sure that the water would soon begin to come aboard over the sides. Much to my surprise and joy it finally did float. I was still not too happy with the ride as one of the ship's lieutenants fired up the monster and off toward shore we went.

It was propelled by its tracks both afloat and ashore, and in the water the engine was racing and the tracks spinning at what seemed to be about 50mph but the tank was barely moving. The noise was unbearable. The beach was in a dead calm, good thing because when the tracks touched the beach the skipper had to shift gears so the monster could crawl up the beach.

We had no more than hit the beach than our LCVF landed next to our landing spot and another couple of boats were also coming ashore from the cutters. This lighthouse had been built sometime early in the 20th century and over the years things had been brought ashore, equipment had been changed

out and nothing had ever left. There were tons of stuff on the beach that we had to dispose of somehow.

Much of the stuff was in small chunks that could be loaded into the small boats, it was taken offshore and deep sixed. Some of the bigger stuff required a bit more thinking. There was a pair of old engines that had at one time powered the generators to run the lights. These were old one lungers like the ones seen at thrashing bees. Each weighed several tons, was about 15' long and had a fly-wheel about 6' in diameter. They were heavy, not easily just thrown over the side.

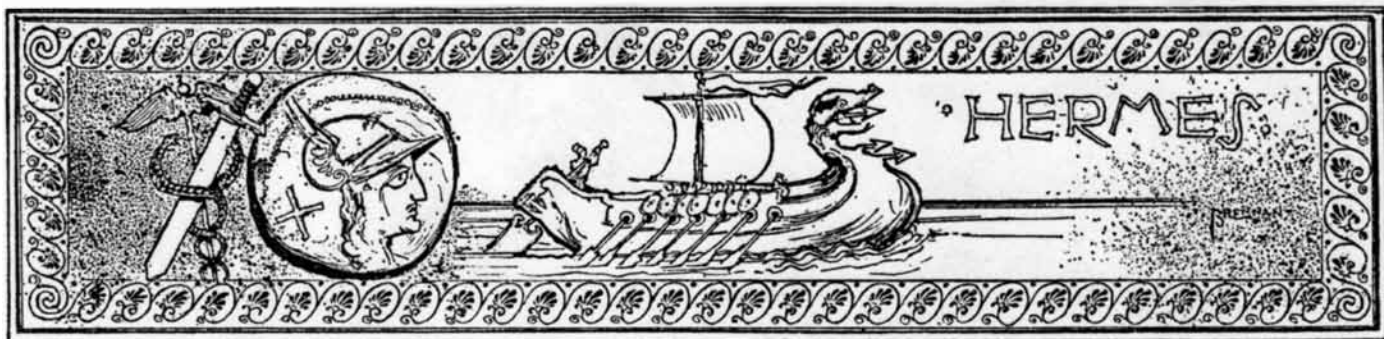
While the crews were gathering up the small stuff, we were having a meeting to decide on the best way to get the heavy stuff off the beach. This is where the tank came into play. The tank hooked a cable onto one of the engines and dragged it on its skids down to the water's edge, then went back for the second one. It lowered its ramp and backed up to the engine. We rigged a couple of come alongs and proceeded to pull this gigantic machine into the belly of the tank.

The skipper of the LCVF moved his boat over and dropped his ramp right in line with the other engine. We used the same equipment to pull that engine into the well deck of the LCVF. The rest of the beach was now clean so we headed back to our ship. This time I was in the LCVF. I really had my doubts that the tank would even float with the extra weight of that engine aboard. It did float, but with not much freeboard, but the water was calm so it made its way back to the ship also.

I didn't know the plan for how we were going to get rid of these large machines but the chief had that under control. He had us rig up a bridle made up of several turns of manilla line. When he was satisfied that the bridle would handle the load we hooked it onto the ship's main boom and lifted it. We moved the LCVF out from under the load and the crew on deck started to saw through the ropes with a hand saw lashed onto a long boathook.

There was a big splash when the lines parted and the ship rocked back and forth a few times when relieved of the load off its boom. The same procedure worked just as well with the engine in the tank and we were ready to head home, almost. We had deep sixed tons of junk but we had one thing that refused to sink. There was an old ice cream freezer floating nice as could be near the ship. The cooler had cork insulation. The captain considered it to be a menace to navigation and had it hauled aboard for a trip to the dump in Kodiak.

As we steamed homewards the *Sage* said goodbye and headed back to Cordova. Another mission accomplished.



## The Year in Review - 2018

Let's take a TSCA cruise back through 2018. The year started just like our last one ended, with a Solstice Row on December 21 that made it all the way to the Seaport's Boat-house for a quick stop before adjourning to the much warmer Harp & Hound.

That Row was followed by a Full Moon Row the evening (ie, dark) of March 30 that made it to Mystic River Bridge for hot chocolate and other beverages(?) before returning to around the "Horn" to Mystic Shipyard East.



Winter also included work in our Shop, the Community Boating building at UCONN Avery Point. In addition to routine maintenance, we made three pair of new oars for our dory fleet. What made it special was the assistance of UCONN student Maggie Waldron who chose as her Capstone Project, building a pair of oars. Bill Armitage and Dan Nelson assisted with weekly guidance plus some extra time towards the end.



Ongoing through spring was a rehab of an original Payson Gloucester Gull rowing dory. Andy Wolfe's Dad, Richard, donated the boat that needed "just a little work." After a new breasthook and oarlock pads and a few hull repairs, it was ready to join our fleet. Andy and his son proudly took it for a row during June's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop.



Carl Kaufman was good enough to open his shop to us for a tour and a lesson on the intricacies of planking his new Nick Shade light rowing wherry. Including its 1oz fiber-



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glass cloth covering it weighed a light 15lbs off the mold and topped out at 42lbs when completed. Carl rowed it to the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop and held court explaining its construction and use to attendees.



In April Dane Rochelle led a group trip to the Herreshoff Museum in Bristol, Rhode Island, which was fun and interesting for all, including lunch at the DeWolf Tavern and a visit just up the street to a new build of a Herreshoff launch. On April 17 Ellie Czarnowski led a group that hosted flipped burgers and roasted hot dogs for a hungry band of UCONN student Eco Huskies as they returned from a beach cleanup along the shores of nearby Bluff Point Park and Beach Area. Two days later on April 19, Dan Nelson and others held Open House at our Building 36 at UCONN Avery Point's celebration of Earth Day.

June was a big month with Viking Weekend midmonth and WoodenBoat Show/John Gardner Small Craft Workshop following a mere week later. We TSCA'rs provided support at the docks and sailed Norwegian Faerings past Chubb Wharf while Ben Fuller extolled their virtues. We all learned a few things about sailing square sails, tacking when we could and rowing when we had to.



Our signature event, the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop held in conjunction with the WoodenBoat Show, makes for a busy weekend. Rows up the river Saturday morning and down on Sunday, Ben Fuller's talk on how to rig a brailing line on a sprit-sail, his tours of the Seaport's Small Craft Collection (the originals) in Rossie Mill, Pete Peters' demonstration on how to braid a rope fender, Brian Cooper making spars for his new fabric on frame Whitehall and, new this year, plein air watercolor nautical art with Capt'n Suz (Suzan Wallace) and late afternoon free sail time. A good time was had by all, including the traditional Saturday night BBQ and front porch musical free for all.



Summer at the Avery Point Boat-house saw a new dory build started by John Giulietti, a Gloucester Gull design stretched to 19' by Phil Bolger. John plans a trip to the Blackburn Challenge, or at least across to Bluff Point. He included the adjustable seats per plan and also added a strake for seaworthiness. By year's end he had the exterior done and painted and was installing seats. It may be the longest boat (19') out of our shop by a builder 78 years young.



Fall was ushered in with an Oar and Sail outing at Bluff Point State Park. We launched at the baseball field just north of the Amtrak line, ducked under the railroad bridge with masts down and rowed south beyond the old trolley bridge abutments before nosing in to a sandy beach along the airport to step masts. We continued down the Poquonock River and out onto the bay behind Bushy Point Beach, tacking back and forth in a nice breeze on smooth water. The bottom got a bit close at times, but then it was just "up board and scoot off" and keep going until tired. We pulled into a break in the dunes to rest, then walked across to the wave action side to watch the big boats bounce around. The smart ones of the group, Peter Vermilya and Ellie Czarnowski, brought shallower draft vessels, a kayak and SUP. Very traditional, I'm sure the first SUP was a log.



October's Full Moon was honored by an evening Row led by Phil Behney. The year was brought to a close by our traditional Holiday Party hosted by Rob Pittaway at New London's Custom House. A delicious Pot Luck was enjoyed by all with everyone saving their best dish for this gathering. After which our speaker, Ben Ellicome, leader of the Seaport's Sailing Center, held our rapt attention as he spoke of his plans to build a fleet of sailing craft to fill the gap between Dyer Dhows and JY 15's with boats like Penguins, Blue Jays, Sunfish and Sailfish, the boats we grew up learning to sail. All of a sudden they are becoming rare and hard to find. Who knew?

So there you have it, a year in review and yes, Phil Behney sneaked in yet another Solstice Row to complete the Year 2018 in style. Our intrepid photo journalist Sharon Brown caught two participants at the Route 1 Bridge in Mystic (so we know they got at least that far, full report pending). Weather the previous evening at 5:23pm (the official time of the Solstice) was a bit dicey so, discretion being the better part of valor, Captain Behney decided on a morning Row instead. Totally understandable since Phil is well known for his Full Moon Rows and, you guessed it, December 22 was the date of the last Full Moon of the year.



Photo by Sharon Brown

## Mystic Seaport's Watercraft Hall

JGTSCA members were invited to a joint meeting with the Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers after which they planned an inside tour of the Seaport's Watercraft Hall in Rossie Mill which is jam packed with small craft of every description still in their original condition as donated to the Museum. Finishes are original. Repairs, if needed, were not made. Fittings, joints and ancillary equipment remain readily visible. Peter Vermilya, Small Craft Curator, Emeritus, used to call these boats his "Library."

Volunteers Phil Tankard and Bob Andrie lead a team who are organizing these 450+ boats into groups (Rushton canoes and pulling boats, Culler skiffs, etc) sometimes stacked three high. Gems include Pete Culler's personal rowing boat *Otter*, his original *Good Little Skiff* and a rowing gig complete with lace up shoes and sliding seat. Power boats from Naptha to steam to 1950's mahogany runabouts are included. There is even one round hulled aluminum outboard, albeit with two cockpits and a tumblehome stern. But what caught my eye were the Oar and Sail originals of boats we have in the Seaport Livery, I took a closeup photo of *Captain Hook's* transom for Karen to reference when repainting the name on his replica.

Ben Fuller regularly leads tours through this collection at our John Gardner Small Craft Workshop held in conjunction with the Wooden Boat Show in June. Catch that if you can, he has a personal connection with each one. Every time I go I see something new, this time it was a 6' long hull model of schooner *Brilliant* used for tank testing prior to her transatlantic voyage.

A big thank you to Bob Andrie, leader of the Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers for inviting us. You may find their meetings of interest; they meet regularly the second Saturday of the month. Contact Bob at SmallYacht-Sailor@gmail.com if interested.



## Around the Shops

### Avery Point Boat House

John Giulietti is finishing up his extended Gloucester Gull Dory, a 19' version of a Gloucester Gull as designed by Phil Bolger. Next up will be fixup of a Melonseed skiff followed by maintenance on our own Club Dories.



### Mystic Seaport Boathouse and Boatshop

The photogenic little Westport Skiff that lives on the pier at the end of the *Conrad's* bowsprit is getting a makeover. Volunteers Rene' Boelig and Bill Littell are applying elbow grease, heat guns and paint remover to get down to something solid. Out of camera shot, Dan Nelson is cutting and fitting a new quarter knee.



### Mystic Seaport Small Boat Shop

In the Boathouse the Good Little Skiff *Waldo Howland* is receiving winter maintenance: sand, scrape, putty, prime and paint. At work from L-R are Volunteers Rich Traskos, Sid Whelan, Bill Littell and Roger Sherman. This is the next boat design we are planning to build at Avery Point.



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## Self Rescue

### Bringing The Boat Head To Wind

This method is slow, but perhaps the most likely to succeed, with a crew of any ability, in any weather. As a procedure, it is an attempt to follow the principles of universal design.

The first thing to remember is to stay with the boat. She may be drifting downwind faster than you think and it can take a strong swimmer to regain the boat. The second thing to remember is to avoid, if at all possible, allowing the boat to turn turtle.

If you have a crew, ask them to work along to the bow and hold onto the forestay at deck level. Then bring down the main and jib. Furl and stop the sails, or roll or bundle them up. Pull in the mainsheet tight and cleat it to prevent the boom falling off the deck.

Then, while you are in the water, pull gently on the centerboard or on a righting line to bring the boat upright. She will immediately swing head to wind due to the drogue action of your crew holding onto the stem.

Then climb in over the transom (so as to avoid capsizing her again as you get in) and start shoveling the water out. During all of these efforts, tell your crew to remain at the bow. When she is fully buoyant again, help your crew in over the stern, but do this quickly, otherwise the drogue effect of the crew in the water will allow the boat to pay off from the wind and start sailing while your crew is struggling to get aboard.

(Ken Duxbury, *Seamanship In Small Open Boats*)

## Capsize Recovery

By Duncan Wright

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

### Going to the Rescue Under Sail Bringing Both Boats Head To Wind

Most dinghy sailors can right a capsized dinghy within minutes. However, rarely they may be quite unable to, it is your duty to go to their assistance even though you yourself are under sail. Being under sail, you are not in position to rescue the boat. Your only goal is to rescue the crew. I would suggest the following procedure:

In water that which is shallow enough for you to anchor, and assuming there is no strong tidal current, sail upwind of the capsized boat. Drop and secure the jib. Get a line ready to heave to the capsized boat. Get your anchor ready to drop. Sail just downwind of the lame boat. Round up head to wind, coast up close to the capsized boat and across the wind from her. Heave a line, tell the crew of the capsized boat to make it fast to the bow, through a chock and around the mast will do. Drop your anchor. The capsized dinghy will be drifting with the wind astern of you. When you are sure your anchor is holding, drop your mainsail.

At this point the crew of the capsized boat may be able to right it and bail it out. If they cannot, heave a line to them. Tell them to tie it around their chest, then pull them over to your transom. Drop a bight of line over the transom as a step, then help the crew climb in. Attach your anchor line to the capsized boat. Sail to shore.

If the water is too deep to anchor or there is a strong current, forget about trying to right the capsized dinghy and concentrate on getting its crew aboard your boat. Sail on a reach two or three boat's lengths to leeward of the capsized boat. Round up head to wind, glide up gently to the stern. Cast a line to the crew. Tell them to pass the end through a fitting which will allow the line easily to unreeve and pass the end back to you. Put both parts of the line through your own fairlead at the stem and make them fast.

You are now secured head to wind, using the capsized boat as a sea anchor. Drop your sails. Pass another line to the capsized boat's crew and see that they make it fast around themselves before leaving the boat to be hauled back to your transom and aboard. (Without a line, a person in cold water who gets a cramp or goes

into cardiac arrest may be left behind as the boats drift to leeward). When all are aboard, free one end of your bowline, allowing it to unreeve from the other boat, and sail to shore.

In both of these procedures you may wonder why I advise dropping your sails since your craft is luffed up head to wind anyway. There are two reasons. The jib sheets can easily become foul and cause the jib to fill, thus swinging the boat off the wind, the boat will start sailing and probably crash into the capsized boat. In addition, when people are climbing in over your transom, they don't want to get their fingers caught in sliding mainsheet traveler. And you don't want the boom to hit you on the head while you are helping them climb in. Things are much easier with the sails down, you have time to think.

(Ken Duxbury *Seamanship in Small Open Boats* (1971), partial paraphrase)

### Going To the Rescue Under Sail Ranging Alongside

John Smith, a boat builder in the Shetland Islands, heard this story of fishermen in an open boat:

"Skipper Williamson and his ranksman was running in gale and heavy sea for the shore... the lookout said he did not see the boat ahead of them, some of the men thought it was some 'thicker' in the haze and they would see her if it cleared a bit. This did not satisfy the skipper who told another man to go on lookout also. They had not run very far when the boat was seen. The skipper said 'look if you see all the crew.' The men said they could see them all but what good was that they could do nothing in such a sea, the boat was bottom up. They could not row under oars if the sail was taken down.


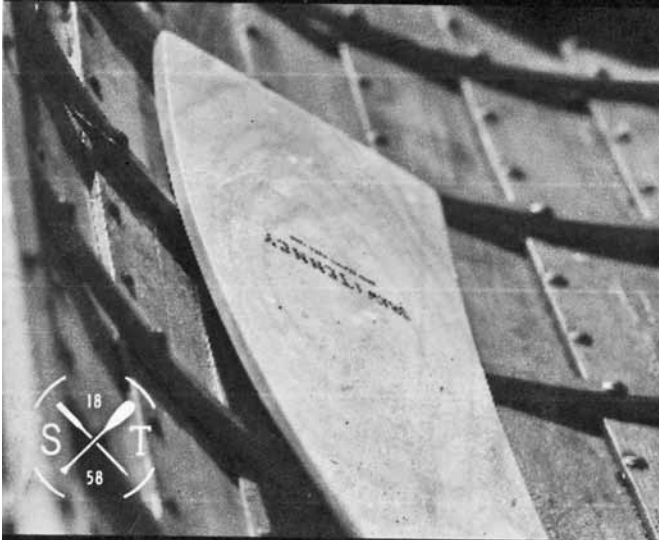
Williamson replied, 'Well, I am going to take these men home or go with them for I could not come home and tell their relatives I had passed them on their boat. So just do as I tell you and we will get them by the help of Providence.'

By now they were coming close to the upturned boat and could see the crew signal them for help, so Williamson said, 'Stand by, look out for the sail, and down it when I say.' The upturned boat was floating broadside to the sea. The skipper stood on, until nearing one end of the boat, then gave the order, 'lower away.' Down came the sail at once, and down went the helm and the boat passed slowly along the lee side of the upturned boat and gave the men on the bottom time to jump for their lives... you could have put a biscuit between the boats... the sea seemed to go flat while the men were picked off. No sooner were they on board, only a matter of seconds, when up went the helm, up went the sail, and away went the boat, speeding on to safety, and home to friends, wives and children."



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My Dad, may he laugh in peace, was a grandmaster of “gotcha” humor (and of sticking out his tongue a lot). My two brothers and I have always striven (with very limited success) to measure up to Dad’s envious skills.

We’ve got this lovely place on Goose Pond in Tyngham, Massachusetts, and, of course, any little house on a little lake has lots of little boats. So, maybe 30 years ago, we had this clunky tri hull outboard ski boat we aptly called *Toad*. *Toad* had no canvas cover and *Toad* had no bilge pump so when it rained, well, you get the picture. The only way to get *Toad*’s bilge drained was to take her up to full speed (which wasn’t really all that fast), crawl back to the stern, reach down into the slimy dark nether region of the bilge well and, while going full speed mind you, pull out the drain plug until everything is drained out, of course you had to remember to put the plug back in before slowing down.

This job fell to me one day 30 years ago and my younger brother Ron was watching from shore, drinking a beer and enjoying the show. Mind you, up to this moment I don’t think I had ever successfully pulled off a successful “gotcha” moment on Ron. It isn’t that Ron is really that smart, but he definitely has Dad’s sense of humor. So on this particular day, while speeding past him (plug out) as he stood on shore, and in memory of Dad, I shouted, “I lost the plug!!!” Well, of course, this means that if I were to stop the boat or run out of gas, *Toad* would promptly turn into a tri hull stone.

To my utter astonishment, the “gotcha” moment worked! I could not believe it. No

## Brotherly Revenge On a Goose Pond 30 Years Later

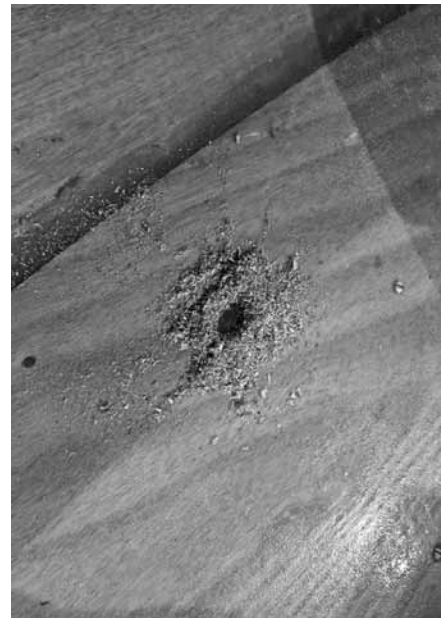
By David Cohen

way did I think Ron would actually fall for such a cheesy joke. But I could tell, even as I sped by at full throttle, that Ron was truly pissed off as he angrily stomped back to the garage hoping to find a cork or something, anything, to keep *Toad* afloat. Made. My. Day. By the time he got back, of course, *Toad* was neatly tied up at the dock, drain plug snug in the hole, the bilge well dry, my arms crossed and me smiling a totally Dad worthy smile. Dad would’ve been proud.

Ron was, well let’s just say, pretty embarrassed to fall for this. I think the poor guy was so traumatized that he spent most of the next 30 years waiting to get back at me. So now fast forward 30 years, we’re back on Goose Pond and I have almost completed the building of my very first boat, a cute 8’ Eastport Pram from a Chesapeake Light Craft kit. I was damn proud of myself. So on this particular day Ron is up visiting us on Goose Pond. I’m enjoying my Glenlivet 12 by a nice fire when Ron saunters in and casually says, “Hey Dave, I think maybe some animal maybe chewed a little hole in your new boat?”

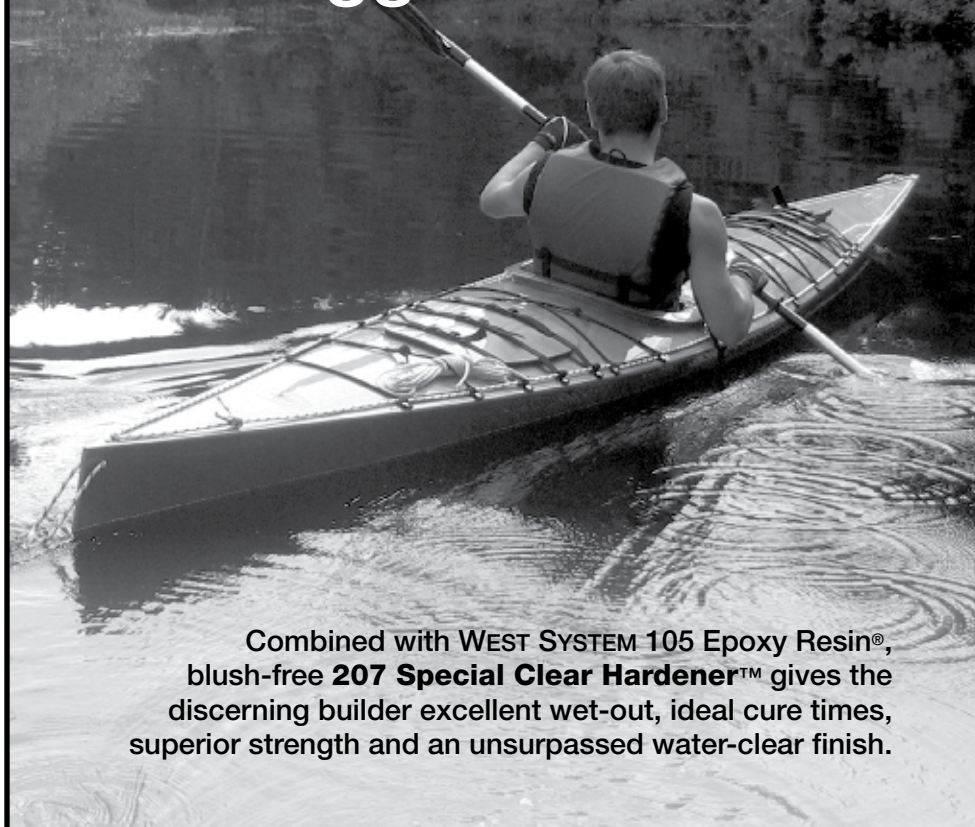
Well, we’ve got all sorts of rodents around (or even sometimes inside) this house, so this certainly got my attention and so we both headed out to the garage to take a look. Lo and behold!! My stomach sank because

what I saw was this gut wrenching, sickening black hole in the bottom of my brand new boat, surrounded by a nice little pile of sawdust. I totally freaked! Well, at least until I put my hand over the black hole and brushed the sawdust aside only to find a small piece of black electrical tape on the boat’s floor.



Well, maybe it took Ron a ridiculously long time to get even, but I’m pretty sure that he thinks it was worth the wait.

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## Barges Break Free in Louisville, Kentucky

Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Ohio Valley received a report that the towing vessel *Debbie Graham*, which was pushing 15 loaded coal barges, made contact with the 2nd Street Bridge on the Ohio River. The contact caused the vessel's 15 barges to break free. Six barges have been recovered. The Coast Guard reopened the Ohio River to all vessel traffic from Twelve Mile Island to McAlpine Lock and Dam. The Army Corps of Engineers said that nine barges were lying on the dam just above the falls and three had capsized.

The water at the McAlpine Dam rose approximately 3' over the course of 24 hours causing one additional barge to sink. Nine barges are currently lying on the dam just above the falls. Seven of the nine barges sank.

The Coast Guard, Army Corps of Engineers and Tennessee Valley Towing Company, the responsible party, are working together to evaluate the ever changing situation each day. Tennessee Valley Towing has retained two salvage teams to raise the barges. The salvage equipment team is en route to the incident site.

Tennessee Valley Towing Company and the salvage team are developing the salvage plan and will be working closely with the Coast Guard and the Army Corps of Engineers to raise the barges as safely and as soon as possible.

The Coast Guard opened the Ohio River to vessel traffic from Twelve Mile Island to McAlpine Lock and Dam, but traffic is only permitted during daylight hours.

The cause of the incident is still under investigation.



## NOAA Partners with the Coast Guard Launching a New Weather Buoy

Chief Warrant Officer Jeffrey Ritter, 1st Lt aboard Coast Guard Cutter *Sycamore*, supervises the launch of a National Oceanic and Atmospheric Association weather buoy near the Hinchinbrook Entrance to Prince William Sound in Alaska. The buoy will be used to record and transmit weather data.



## Our Coast Guard in Action

### Overnight Tow to Beaufort Inlet All on Board Arrive Safely

A boatcrew from Coast Guard Cutter *Richard Snyder* saved three mariners aboard a disabled sailing vessel more than 50 miles off Cape Lookout, North Carolina, December 29. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector North Carolina received notification of the 36' disabled sailing vessel *Cloud* from Sea Tow. All persons aboard the sailing vessel had donned their life jackets and there were no injuries or medical concerns aboard.

The Coast Guard cutter *Richard Snyder* assisted and diverted an HC-130 Hercules airplane from Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City to establish communications with the vessel. Once the *Snyder* arrived on the scene the crew towed the vessel overnight into Beaufort Inlet to pass the tow to a 47' Motor Lifeboat from Coast Guard Station Fort Macon, who then passed the tow along to commercial salvage.



### Repatriating Migrants and Others to the Dominican Republic

Coast Guard Cutter *Tezanos* (WPC-1118) crewmembers transfers four of eight migrants who were aboard a 30' makeshift boat to the Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Napier* (WPC-1115) December 19. A group of four migrant vessels were interdicted in Mona Passage waters off the Dominican Republic by Caribbean Border Interagency Group authorities just off Aguadilla, Puerto Rico December 18.

"Crossing the perilous waters of the Mona Passage aboard grossly overloaded makeshift boats with no life saving equipment onboard is extremely dangerous and potentially a life threatening situation," said Cmdr Christopher Douglas, Coast Guard Sector San Juan chief of response.

This interdiction was the result of ongoing efforts in support of Operation Unified Resolve, Operation Caribbean Guard and the Caribbean Border Interagency Group.

The cutter *Joseph Napier* repatriated the migrants to La Romana, Dominican Republic December 20.



### Rain, Fog, Heavy Winds Hamper Search and Rescue

A Coast Guard boatcrew from Coast Guard Station Venice, Louisiana, tows a vessel that was disabled approximately 25 miles south of Venice December 29. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector New Orleans received a report of a disabled vessel with two people aboard in South Pass, Louisiana. Coast Guard Station Venice launched a 24' Special Purpose Craft-Shallow Water boatcrew to assist the vessel. Another boat, which was on the scene with the disabled vessel, towed the disabled vessel out of shallow water to a more accessible area. Visibility was hampered by deteriorating conditions including rain and heavy winds. The boatcrew arrived on scene at approximately 2:52pm and towed the vessel to Cypress Cove Marina.



### Coast Guard Interdicts Go Fast Vessel, Seize \$30 Million Cocaine Shipment

A go fast vessel interdicted, with three suspected smugglers and 2,606 pounds of cocaine onboard, by the Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos* (in the background) and Caribbean Border Interagency Group partner agencies on December 11, sits adrift, approximately 95 nautical miles northeast of Saint Thomas, US Virgin Islands.

This interdiction is the result of ongoing multi agency law enforcement efforts in support of Operation Full Court Press, Operation Caribbean Guard and the Caribbean Border Interagency Group to disrupt Transnational Criminal Organizations within the maritime approaches to the southeastern United States. The suspected smugglers are facing likely federal prosecution by the US Attorney's Office for the District of the US Virgin Islands.





## Capsized Vessel

A capsized 18' suspected migrant smuggling vessel floats in the water 46 miles east of Jupiter Inlet, Florida, Monday, December 31, 2018. The vessel capsized Sunday, December 30, 2018, in an apparent migrant smuggling venture from Freeport, Bahamas to Miami. (US Coast Guard Photo)



## Aircraft Salvaged

The fuselage was positively identified in 260' of water by a remotely operated vehicle (ROV) in early January. After analyzing the data from the ROV, the salvor consulted with an engineer, formulated a plan and received concurrence from the Coast Guard to proceed. Using the ROV, the salvage company lassoed the tail of the aircraft wreckage with line and slowly raised it to the surface. The team towed the section to a haul out point designated by the State's Department of Land and Natural Resources Division of Boating and Ocean Recreation Division. Following the section's removal from the water, it was transported by truck to Marine Corps Base Hawaii, where the NTSB will continue its investigation into the cause of the crash.



## Bulk Carrier Aground

The *JSW Salem* sits aground after it ran aground about 2.5 miles east of Virginia Beach, Virginia, January 10, 2019. A 45' Response Boat-Medium crew from Station Little Creek and an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew from Air Station Elizabeth City assisted the crew of a bulk carrier ship as they refloated and anchored the vessel later that morning. (US Coast Guard photograph by Petty Officer 2nd Class Nathan Reynolds)



## Overloaded Migrant Vessel Interdicted

An overloaded vessel with approximately 35 migrants aboard is interdicted Monday, January 7, 2019, approximately 34 miles west of Desecheo, Puerto Rico, as a result of ongoing efforts in support of Operational Unified Resolve, Operation Caribbean Guard and the Caribbean Border Interagency Group (CBIG). The crew of a Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry, deployed to Air Station Borinquen, Puerto Rico, detected a migrant vessel and the Coast Guard Cutter *Heriberto Hernandez* (WPC-1114), which arrived on scene, embarked the 35 migrants and discovered a backpack with four kilograms of heroin floating near the vessel. (US Coast Guard Photo Courtesy of the Coast Guard Cutter *Heriberto Hernandez*)



## Haitian Migrant Vessel Interdicted

Approximately 70 Haitian migrants on a sail freighter Sunday approximately 26 miles north of Cap Haitien, Haiti. The US Coast Guard Cutter *Vigilant* (WMEC-617) crew assisted the Haitian Coast Guard with stopping the illegal migrant voyage after spotting the vessel. (Coast Guard Photo)



## Help Prevent Unnecessary Emergency Responses

The Coast Guard is requesting the public's help in preventing unnecessary emergency responses by Coast Guard crews and local responders. On average, Washington State based Coast Guard personnel expend 600 search hours each month responding to vessels that are unmanned and adrift with the vast majority of these cases turning out to be non distress situations.

Helicopter and boat crews spent a combined ten hours one Wednesday responding to four boats that, after extensive searches, appear to have simply drifted from their moorings in heavy winds. While the Coast Guard responds to similar cases throughout the year, the heavy sustained winds and windstorms during the winter cause a dramatic increase in the number of these incidents.



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## Merchant Fleet

Seamen have long complained about very confined spaces that require periodic inspection. Often these places are dangerous, difficult and problematic but are required under sundry mandates, laws, regulations and company directives. Worse, there seems to be no logical overall policy. The Union is complaining. Again.

Port authorities, canals and harbors offer rebates and discounts in a seemingly random fashion based on tonnage, frequency of stops and other grounds such as environmental hazard potential that have no particular rhyme nor reason. It is expedient to offer a significant discount to ships that frequently stop there, but a consistent policy doesn't exist. This is especially applicable at the Suez and Panama Canals where certain companies pay one fee and others may be required to cough up twice as much money. Many companies are voicing loud complaints. Again.

The US Department of Justice has secured a fine of \$2 million against Navimax, a subsidiary of Greek shipping firm Navios Maritime, after a seafarer provided video evidence of one of the firm's vessels pumping oily waste over the side.

Prior to a PSC inspection near Delaware City last December, a crewmember of the Navimax operated tanker *Nave Cielo* provided the US Coast Guard with two videos that purportedly depict an oily waste discharge from an overboard pipe. The videos were taken in daylight (quoted from *Maritime Executive*).

China is increasingly challenging US ability to haul freight across the seas according to Vice Admiral Andy Brown (USN-ret.) who now serves as head of the National Transportation Association. He noted that the US merchant fell from 101 ships to 81 and only five are tankers. "How are we going to get fuel to our troops?" Brown asked. Meanwhile, China is building ships as quickly as possible. She is also investing heavily in African and Asian ports, highways, airports and roads.

## White Fleet

Four new ports have opened this year to meet the needs of cruise ships. A new Pier 10 at Port of Galveston offers an additional 200,000sf of terminal space for the Royal Caribbean ships. Icy Point Strait is a new port for the Norwegian Cruise Lines ship doing Alaskan voyages. Cape Canaveral is much less a space center than a great place to board a cruise ship compliments of a 185,000sf terminal for Carnival Ships. And not one to be ever, ever outdone, Sir Richard Branson has constructed a new terminal for his Virgin Cruise Line ships at Miami.

Carnival Cruise Lines announced that their new *Mardi Gras* would have an 800' roller coaster to thrill their guests. A video of the beast is, unto itself, rather frightening. Riders go above the deck so high as to require underwear change, and the turns are at the edge of the ship so it seems like you are being flung out to sea.

Royal Caribbean features a ten story water slide. Yup, a nice, quiet and peaceful cruise at sea.

Interestingly, the cruise companies are extraordinarily reticent about statistics given to outside sources. Quartz, Princess, Royal Caribbean, Disney and Carnival all refuse to provide age distribution of passengers. According to ASTA, the best guess is that



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

approximately 75% of guests are millennials. So Hootie and the Blowfish are old school and the Beach Boys are blatantly prehistoric.

The industry watchers indicate that these "youngsters" are looking for less expensive fares, therefore, the cruise lines are pointedly oriented to them. This reminds this writer about a trip his parents made on a liner to the Caribbean. They got front row seats to the concert of the evening. The main ring entertainment was Paul Revere and the Raiders. After being blasted out of their chairs by the amplification, they immediately departed the room to the laughter of the esteemed Mr Revere. Mom and Dad were not the right age for that cruise.

"Man Overboard," the call that sends chills to all ship crew, is not quite as common as thought. Approximately 20 people go over the rail each year and authorities credit alcohol or risk taking as the primary culprits, suicide is next on the list. 2017 found 62 sexual assault cases. While the numbers seem deplorable, it wanes in comparison to the 11.5 million Carnival passengers in 2017 (the last data offered). You are safer on ship than in downtown Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

No sooner than the above was written than the Coast Guard reported that a man intentionally went over the side of the *Carnival Victory* just a few miles off Islamorada in the Florida Keys. He was the third in less than a month.

A week earlier a 69-year-old woman went missing from the *MSC Preziosa*. Royal Caribbean's *Adventure of the Seas* lost a crewman a couple of weeks prior. An autistic child was seen plunging over the side. His parents simply stated that he probably wanted to go for a swim.

## Inland Waters

President Donald Trump finally ended a constant two year "kick the bucket down the street" exemption for the famous *Delta Queen*. The old wooden paddle wheeler that has meandered along the Mississippi since her boilers were built in 1919 is a total violation of the 1966 Safety At Sea Act that was originally passed to protect passengers and keep out riff raff from other countries. *Delta Queen* has recently finished a \$10-20 million overhaul and repair but it is still wooden. Congress, in its wisdom has consistently given a two year exemption from the Act every other year since 1966. President Trump ended such silliness when he signed a bill ending the two year exemptions and released the old girl from the mandates.

The infamous Jones Act, continuing to mess up good businesses and create a negative climate between coastal states and the rest of the US, halted the intent of Viking Cruises from developing cruises along the Mississippi and other major rivers. Foreign folks own Viking and they cannot do waterway business between US ports. After the renowned river cruise company had made

significant promises to river towns that might be quality stops for passengers, they were forced to cancel their plans.

But all good laws have loopholes (as opposed to bad laws that are simply single huge loopholes legislated for no good reason other than to pad someone's pocket). The Jones Act prohibits foreign owned companies from doing business between US ports but does not mention any problem with a company running boats/ships from other countries to the US. Viking has come up with the idea of running cruises on the Great Lakes originating on the Canadian side of these waters. Perhaps to cruise the Mississippi you might have to board in Mexico.

## Gray Fleet

Two new *Zumwalt*-class guided missile destroyers have been added to the fleet. Bath Iron Works of Maine built both of these ships. The *Michael Moonsoor* (DDG 1001), named after a Medal of Honor recipient, will be officially commissioned later this year in San Diego. This ship, typical for most new ships, had a rough passage from the East Coast to California. She had significant engine failures off Virginia, including ruined turbine blades, and she again lost power in transit at Panama. Her sister ship, the *Lyndon Baines Johnson* (DDG-1002), ended her construction period and will be christened very soon.

Is it just me, or does the naming of a destroyer after a late President seem a tad bit insufficient? Kennedy got an aircraft carrier named for him. Ronald Reagan got a carrier. Johnson, the father of the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act, gets a puny destroyer. Strange.

The Navy announced that all Surface Warfare Officers would henceforth maintain personal logs of all duties, training and assignments while at sea. Among the required documentation are time as Officer of the Deck (OOD), Junior OOD, CONN (at the helm), bridge time, special training and Commanding Officer's sign off page. This is the first attempt to keep a check on what SWOs know and are trained for after the disastrous collisions last year that killed 17 sailors. The *USS John McCain* (DDG-56) and the *USS Fitzgerald* (DDG-62) both had avoidable accidents in which personnel were killed.

Congress traditionally wants to spend bales of money on the acquisition of ships, especially big ones, however they remain tight fisted when it comes to rebuilding or repair of repair facilities. Less than 30% of the warships in for repair were completed on time. Submarines have top priority for repair work with carriers coming in next. Surface ships swallow third in line. In the last six years submarines lost 7,321 days of deployment due to inability to meet deadlines for repair, carriers missed 1,207 days and surface ships were absent from the fleet for a whopping 18,581 days. American shipyards are in disarray and desperately need funding.

Part of the reason for shipyard dysfunction is that China and India build ships significantly cheaper so the Merchant Fleet has its vessels built overseas. Cruise ships are also done elsewhere, especially in Italy and Finland. Bluntly, these are the money-makers for shipbuilders because they do not have the safety regulations required in the US. A few workers are killed every few weeks in India or Hong Kong as part of the their world. In the US such work environment is intolerable.

Last month the pride of General Dynamics' Electric Boat was noted. EB is a wonderful example of craftsmanship, pride and excellence. However, the shipyards of the US overall need significant upgrades, partially because their source of income is limited to military dollars. You can't bale hay for a living if the baler doesn't work.

In case you missed my monthly tirades against the LCS ships, *USS Freedom* (LCS-1) is finally back in the water after a two year repair on her propulsion systems destroyed during her first year at sea. She currently is under contractor sea trials before she is turned back to Uncle Sam. Too bad no one listened to the late Senator John McCain when he fought against building LCS ships because they were poorly designed, fit no real mission and tended to be more pork barrel than military.

Now work can be completed on *USS Fort Worth* (LCS-3) that also destroyed her propulsion system. Although using a different set of propulsion diesels and suffering a much different catastrophe, *Fort Worth* has been out of service for two years also. Naval Sea Systems Command refused to comment.

Not to overly stress my issue with the LCS fleet, the *USS Milwaukee* (LCS-5) was towed into Little Creek/Fort Story Joint Expeditionary Base because she lost propulsion by mangling her complex gearing systems. Lockheed/Martin used Rolls Royce MT-30 gas turbines and Colt-Pielstick diesel engines for the ship, but RENK designed the complicated gearing system. US Surface Pacific Command had no comment. And the beat goes on.

### Environment

The *Cedar Rapids Gazette* had a headline story in a Sunday edition about agricultural pollution in the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers that impacts urban drinking water and leads to the Dead Zone in the Gulf of Mexico. The paper blasted states that have little or no regulations or fail to enforce state and federal laws. The federal government cites Iowa as the worst state for agricultural poisons. Virtually all cities along the river obtain their drinking water from the Big Muddy and they are forced to develop expensive treatment facilities, especially for farm related toxins.

Des Moines attempted to sue upriver counties to recover additional money for water purification but the courts threw out the case. Governor Kim Reynolds, deep into IOUs to Farm Bureau and Big Ag Chemical companies, has eliminated many current mandates for clean water and the President has cut back on the Clean Water Act enforcement. Meanwhile, Louisiana shrimpers are looking to the courts for protection against the causes of the dying shrimp population. The Farm Bureau, Ms Reynolds and her compatriots, Senators Joni Ernst and Chuck Grassley, cheered lustily when regulations on farm runoffs were eliminated, however, they all refused to respond to the data that suggests that 45% of all pollution in the Mississippi comes from Iowa. Go Hawkeye and Cyclone farmers!

Unfortunately, as this was mentioned to one supposedly educated and aware Iowa friend, he merely stated what most Iowa farmers feel, "Louisiana's shrimpers' problems aren't my problem."

## Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

### I Have Enough...

I came across an old book online, written way back when, published 103 years ago, a book written for boys about canoeing, by an even older boy. The older one, by the things said in the preface, put him probably towards the end of a long life.

Currently, he stated at the time, he'd owned three canoes, two sailboats, a power cruiser and a 55' world cruising sailboat on the drawing board. That statement caught my attention. I'd like to think the opening words to this missive were true, as does my wife. Truer words spoken by another would be, "the eyes of a person are never satisfied."

I mention my words above leading into this narrative to a friend and he just laughs. My wife rolls her eyes. My eyes go to the next one. This small boat, big boat syndrome, I find in reading that preface published in 1916, is not some new age malady. It's been around since time began. We need to get a handle on that, trouble being that handle's been broke since the get go. Where would we put all the boats anyway? The old "where there's a will, there's a way" saw proves itself over and over.

I've a friend who's been moving his boat from "on the hard" in sailor's parlance, to "on the hard" since Harvey left town. It ended up at my place for a spell, moved on down the highway and now I see it's moved on again.

Which brings to mind storage yards solely dedicated to the keeping of these float-

ing dreams alive, and to the bills and taxes being paid by the yard owner. A late President called it trickle down economics. It works.

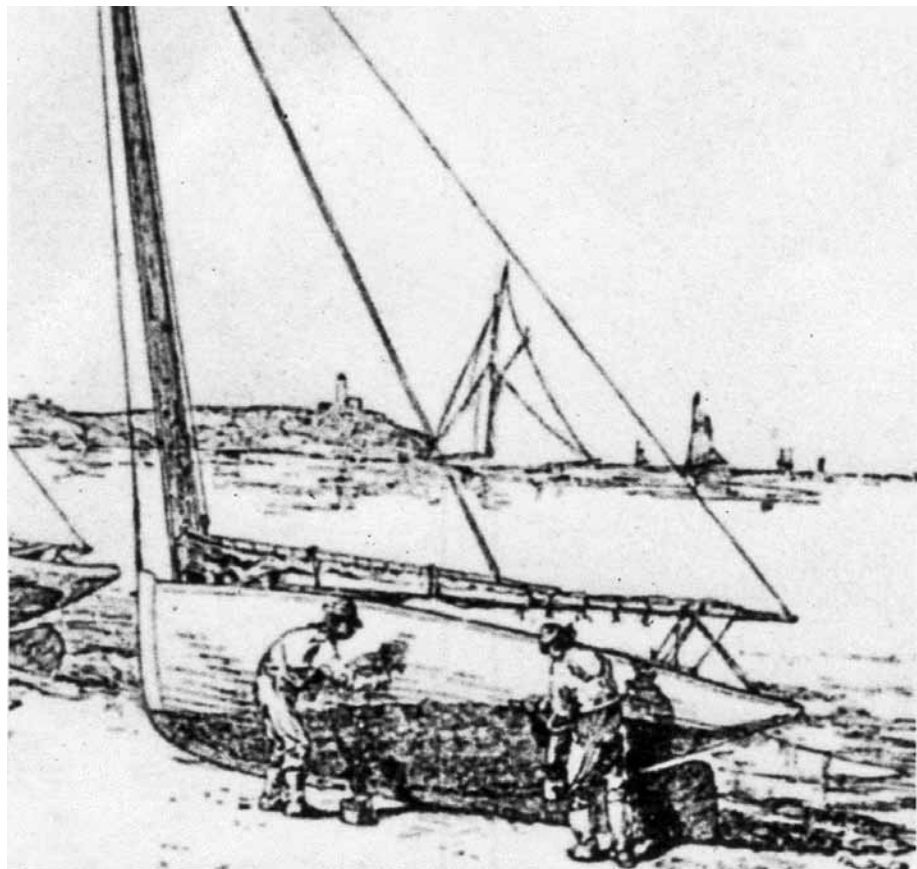
These boatyard dreams are best represented, for me, by and old cartoon in a "Sea-runners" builder's book. Let me describe it to you. A yacht broker is showing a potential buyer a "sailboat on the hard." This sailboat is sitting on dirt, propped up by sagging boards placed at points around the boat, planks sprung, some missing, birds flying in and out.

The prospective buyer, on the salesman's right, holding clipboard in hand, stands looking at the wreck with a thought bubble above his head of south sea islands and palm trees. On our salesman's left is a fellow with a chain saw whom the yacht broker is holding back with an extended left arm. We get the picture. People who know us snicker when we say no more.

I recently, adamantly, positively stated as much to no one in particular, no more. When the 12' sailing canoe plans arrived my wife asked if I had bought myself a birthday present. My early morning coffee buddy, the snickering one, doesn't know yet. Some things we need to keep to ourselves.

I was hoping to launch little *Ned* this past Christmas, that third word told you it didn't happen. Last Saturday, Sunday, also came and went. He's painted, sitting and waiting on his trailer while I try and put together deck hardware without drilling any unnecessary holes. So far, so good.

Rummaging through 5gal buckets of sailboat treasures to fit a 10'6" sailing dinghy shouldn't be so time consuming. But it is. *Ned* is outside now and the mornings are a bit nip. Maybe today on the *Ned*, maybe not. My mind is starting to drift to three others in waiting. I'll let you know, until then I won't know myself.



I've written about the *Dud* before, but thought it might be interesting to explain how we built her. I regret we took no photos, but I don't know of anyone who ever built a boat the way we built the *Dud*. My parents were extremely supportive of our effort, to the extent that they financed it. Near as I can recall, I was 13 or 14 and my friend Richard was 14 or 15.

We began at Charlie Bahr's, an old fashioned lumberyard about five miles from our home. They stocked 10'x4' sheets of plywood. We figured that the 9'6" or so that we'd have after the 10' sheet made the curve of the sides would suit us fine. Bahr's was kind enough to cut one down the middle so we left there with one sheet 4'x10' and two sheets of 2'x10'. Had we been limited to 8' sheets we would have opted for something just short of 12', butting or scarfing 8' and 4' sheets.

Bahr's also supplied 12' lengths of 1"x1"s. These were honest dimensions. I don't recall if they made them special, if they were a stock item, or what kind of wood they were. I do recall they bent enough to suit our needs. We also bought 1/2" plywood for the transom. And some 1"x3" boards.

Step 1: We laid a ladder across a pair of sawhorses, taking care to insure our 'platform' was level.

Step 2: We used 1"x3"s to make a form to be placed near amidships, bottom side up so hull was built upside down. This form when finished was about 3'11" wide at the bottom to allow for a bit of error and ensure the 4' plywood would fit. We would prefer having to trim a bit than having to add any kind of patch. We did add a bit of flare to the sides which, were we to do this again, we'd likely not do it at all, reasons explained later. We cut notches, for lack of a better word, for the 1"x1"s fit in, as they would form the chines and the gunwales.

Step 3: We cut the transom to size, just a tad less beam than the form and we cut a stem out of the 1"x3" stock. While we mounted the transom fixed to a position, both the form and the stem were mounted in a way that we could move them fore and aft and we made sure we could cut each side out of a 2'x10' sheet.

Step 4: We cut some of the 1"x1"s to match the 10' length of the plywood. This was to ensure the plywood used for the sides of the hull would not turn out to be a bit short, erring on the side of caution, or perhaps a form of dead reckoning.

Step 5: We ran chine and gunwale 1"x1"s from the corners of the transom through the notches in the form to the stem. Once we had the form where we believed it looked right, we carefully cut them to fit in place and fastened them to stem and transom.

Step 6: This is when we realized that little flare would add more work than it was worth. We had to do some beveling. We had a drawknife, a belt sander and a variety of rasps. The drawknife proved too much so we settled for mostly using the belt sander with relatively fine paper to prevent overdoing.

# Building the Great Ship *Dud*

## How Two Teenagers Invented Instant Boat Building

By John Smith  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

This required care and patience, qualities young men our age seldom exhibit. Dad watched over us to make sure we didn't let youthful impatience cause problems. In hindsight, the small amount of flare added nothing to the appearance or performance to justify having to do this beveling, which was the most time consuming part of the build.

Step 7: We clamped the 2'x10' sheets to the chines and gunwales, marked with a pencil run along the chine and gunwale 1"x1"s, cut them along the pencil lines and clamped them back into place. Now came the truly unique part. Dad had gotten a large quantity of 1/4" brass bolts. We played with some different size drill bits and found one that would let the bolt screw itself nicely into the wood. These bolts were long enough to go through the 1/4" plywood and a shade more than halfway through the 1"x1". Putting tape on the drill bit so as not to drill too far, I would drill a hole and Richard would use our Yankee screwdriver to screw the bolt in flush. This worked well and proved to be fast work.

Once both sides were fastened to the chines, gunwales, transom and stem, we laid the 4'x10' sheet on the bottom, holding it in place with some weights, marked it, cut it and fastened it the same way to the chines, transom and stem. Once the bottom and sides were firmly attached to the 1"x1"s we removed the form and turned the boat over. We were not at all sure how well the hull would hold its shape as we did this, but were quite pleased as it held its shape quite firmly. I have little doubt that my dad breathed a sigh of relief as I don't think he was as optimistic of our method as he had let on.

Step 8: We put some framing, from 1"x1"s inside the hull, incorporating it with a couple of thwarts. One thwart was butted against the transom and one was just slightly forward of being dead amidships, allowing room for the foredeck we envisioned. We fastened the 1"x1"s to the bottom and the sides and then fastened gussets of plywood (scraps from bottom and sides) to them. Yes, we allowed for scuppers for water to pass through. It was time to paint and we were quite proud of our finished project.

This entire building went quite quickly. We believed we had invented a new way to build a boat. She got the name *Dud* because we had a few letters readily available, "U" being the only vowel. We used the boat with a 6hp Mercury we had. It would plane with one of us on board. With two of us, a bit more

power, or a bit more patience, was needed. Come fall, my mom found a used 10hp Mercury in the *Want Ad Press* (for those who don't remember this, it was a weekly magazine of nothing but want ads, a print version of craigslist). We went and looked at the motor and Mom bought it. Now we had that bit more power and this motor took remote controls.

The Raritan Yacht Club had a fleet of 7' prams supplied by a member whose company made them. They ran a contest for a class name. I won with *Sea Flea*. First prize was \$25. That was enough to buy throttle and shift control for our new motor. Richard and I spent some of the nicer fall weather making a foredeck. Next thing we knew, one of our neighbors, whose company made Aqua Meter speedometers, gave us a speedometer and a steering wheel, the old fashioned pulley and cable variety. By spring we had our little yacht all set.

When weather permitted the following year, we could not wait to get on the water. With both of us on board, and the 10hp opened up, we registered 27mph. In that little boat it seemed like we were flying. The photo here is the only one I have, and for it to get taken we had to slow down enough to almost defeat the purpose of taking the photo.



We enjoyed this boat immensely for three summers. Many at the yacht club borrowed it when we stopped for lunch. We grew a bit older, a bit bigger and the motor developed problems. My parents then used it for several years as a tender for their 32' sailboat.



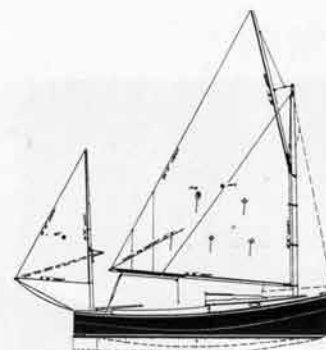
One day they drove by a 12' aluminum skiff with a "For Sale" sign on it. That would serve their purpose better, so they bought it. The *Dud* was retired. Almost.

A friend asked to use the *Dud* as part of a float in the annual 4th of July parade, where someone from our local playhouse saw her, and they asked to use her as a stage prop in a play they were rehearsing. From there, when the play had run its course, she went to my brother's yard where she served the rest of her life as a sandbox for his two children.

That little boat remains one of my fondest memories.







# Building the OUTDOOR BOAT

Attempting to design an outboard well, the editor finds it's not easy being green.

*With photographs by the resident electrophile.*

**H**eight-ho, another year, another report on the Phil Bolger 20' (6m) Chebacco Boat we're building in our garden. And this year's theme has been supererogation.

Supererogation is a useful word for boatbuilders, whether in business or in the backyard. It means doing more work than strictly necessary to complete

the job to an acceptable level. For the pros, that's a good way to win lifelong customers – if they'll pay for the extra hours. For home builders, it prompts onlookers to comment wittily that whole continents have come together much more quickly.

Readers of this long-running saga – see the coda – may recall that while

we built the hull upside down *en plein air*, swaddling it in tarps after each building session, when it was turned right way up we decided the fit-out would be much speedier – hah! – with the hull inside a 'garden polytunnel'. Such was the snug fit of the hull in the tunnel we began fit-out at the pointed end – we could get at both sides – and



worked our way as far aft as the boat's 7'5" (2.3m) beam and the tent's 8'6" (2.6m) beam would allow.

By W126, we had the cuddy fitted out as far as – supererogation alert – cladding the aft side of the bulkhead with fake tongue-and-groove planks but leaving the back half of the hull as bare as the day we turned it over.

### Rolling, not rocking

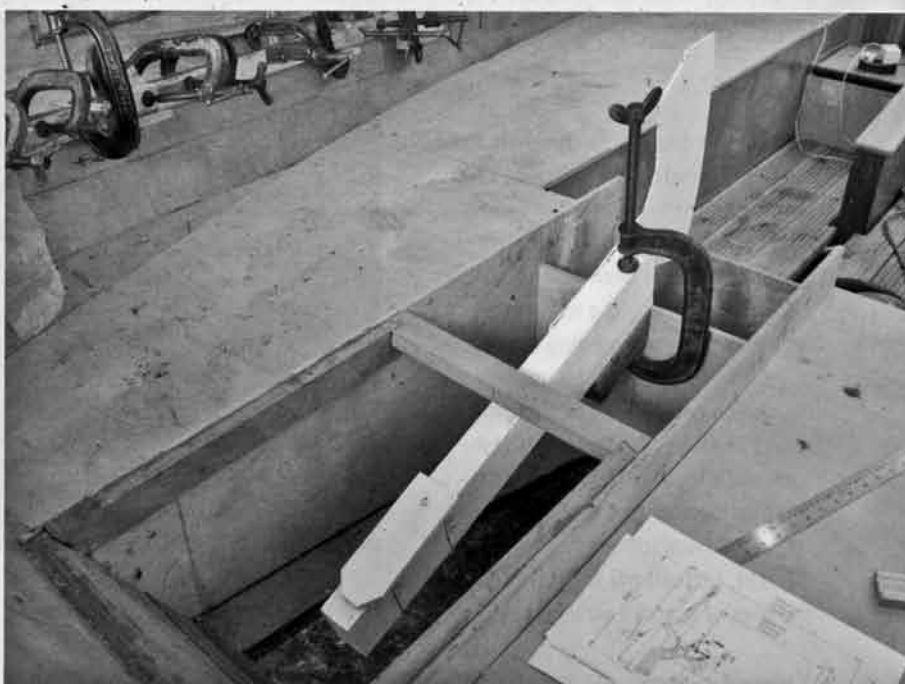
The first job in fitting out the cockpit had to be skewing the boat with one quarter tight against the tunnel wall to allow access on the other. Which meant jacking her up on to rollers and nudging her sideways, followed by the essential crawling about under the hull with packing pieces to ensure she stopped rocking and settled truly level again. Essential because, since I did not have a precisely CNC-cut self-jigging kit of cockpit components – I wish! – every plywood part-bulkhead, bench front and locker top had to be spiled, shaped and then fitted accurately. Who says the long spirit level is not a boatbuilding tool?

It all went well but not quickly – even though, at this stage, the mini-bulkheads, side benches and lockers were temporarily screwed, not glued, in position. That was because...

### Mock up, not cock up

Way back, Maggie and I restored an old clinker dinghy which came with an almost-as-ancient Seagull. Ever since, we have not been fans of hanging outboards on the transom. It's not just the arm-wrestling to clamp the brute into position before it can leap to a watery grave, once it's secured and you're sitting beside it, the boat's trim is already too far down by the stern – and that's before you open the throttle.

So, though not an option on Mr Bolger's plans – more supererogation – we wanted an inboard outboard well. "I'll get drawings from the outboard manufacturers which show all the dimensions and build a well to fit most models," I told her, confidently.



**Facing:** Templates assembled in situ from laths tacked together using a staple gun are a good way to get the right shapes of flat plywood panels.

**Above:** However, mock-ups scaled all the way up from A4-size drawings, like this crude simulation of the E-Propulsion Spirit 1.0, are rarely as accurate.

(That's why I'd not yet glued in permanently all the cockpit furniture.)

"It'll have to be electric," she said.

(Oh! I'd been thinking of a smallish petrol job. Nothing fancy. One of the popular makes you often see for sale secondhand... I'd already cut the aperture in the hull, copying one on a production boat. I should never have let her take that test trip with Nestaway on the Beale Park lake.)

"Ideally..." she saw my shudder but persevered with it: "Ideally, it needs to tilt right up inside the hull so you can make bomb doors to close the hole for sailing and have a proper cover over it like a sliding companion hatch. You know, lockable and..."

Supererogation is contagious.

I had a small-scale drawing of the E-Propulsion Spirit 1.0 – see W131 – though it didn't show any well parameters for the motor when tilted. The only recourse was to scale it up – massively – to make a full-size mock-up from scrap timber which would show me the arcs the prop and battery would perform when tilting the outboard to its maximum of 75°. Thus we learned that wherever I located the 'fake' transom and whatever its height,

the upward run of the hull aft meant that even at full tilt, the propellor would still be half in the water.

"So no bomb doors," I broke it to her, feigning regret. She wasn't happy.

We could also see the height of the battery above the well when fully tilted; her companion hatch would have to be like a sliding dog kennel.

"We'll just have to take off the battery – you can with the Spirit – each time we close it." My smallish – cheap – petrol job was back in play.

She wasn't happy about that either.

### For a few degrees more

Suddenly we were having a very hot summer. The polytunnel was like a sauna; boatbuilding ceased. While not doing very much at all, I realised I had made the E-Propulsion mock-up to the length of the long shaft model. I chopped it down to the short shaft length. Tried it, then chopped it to the extra-short shaft they also offer

With some adjustment of the well transom, the shortest shaft did look a better potential fit but... Why, I asked Ian at Nestaway, do most outboard makers offer a maximum tilt angle of 70-ish° when, for use in wells, an extra

few degrees could raise the shaft to lie roughly parallel to the waterline? He sent me to the Hawk 20 Day Sailing Boats forum at [www.tapatalk.com](http://www.tapatalk.com) where MarkR had been able to achieve just this by hinging the top section of his well transom. Mounting the bracket of his Torqeedo Travel 1003 to this flap which could be tilted forward and locked in place with barrel bolts, the outboard's leg was raised enough to clear the bottom of the hull.

Since it was still too hot to work in the tent, I rebuilt my well transom on the lines of MarkR's arrangement.

### **Procrastination, not supererogation**

So the Spirit might work down in the well but the size of its battery up top was still, if not the elephant in the room, the Newfoundland in the kennel. And I didn't fancy building something like grandad's outdoor loo on my boat's back end. Procrastination ruled.

Enter Ian again, with the news E-Propulsion would soon be offering an extension cable to allow the battery to be fitted in a locker in the boat, like a remote fuel tank for a 'traditional' outboard. So, as far as it was possible to estimate from my mock-up, it looked as if the kennel would need to be no more than Jack Russell size,

So should I start glueing all the cockpit furniture in place? While my spiled templates for flat and curved plywood hull panels worked fine, I was less confident about the accuracy of my 3-D mock up of the Spirit.

Mags doesn't dither: "Enough with all this supererogation! You worry prices will go up after Brexit; buy a Spirit now, then you can make the well and kennel around it to be sure it all fits".

### **Coda**

Previous episodes of this saga appeared in issues: 78, 80, 86, 102, 109, 110, 116, 120 and 126. And it's not over yet.

### **Contacts**

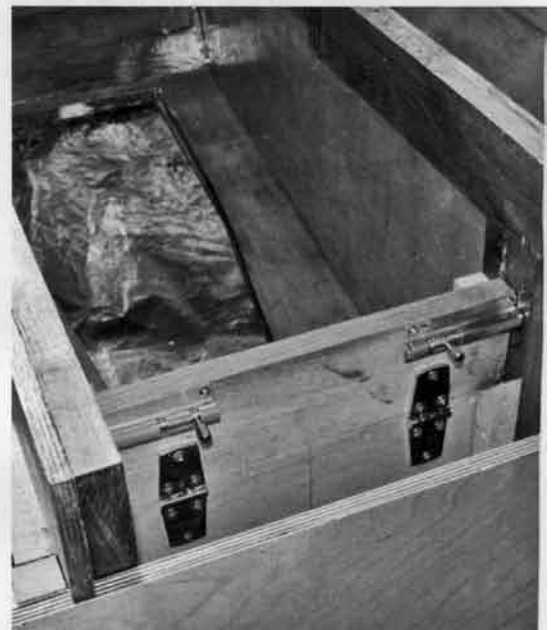
[www.nestawayboats.com](http://www.nestawayboats.com)



**Above:** Testing the position and height of the fake transom with the real Spirit outboard revealed all doubts about the accuracy of my mock-up were valid.

**Right:** A work in progress... Adapting MarkR's method of tilting up the shaft sufficiently to tuck it right into the well, here's my well 'transom' with its hinged flap. This is my second effort with stronger hinges but I may still need to find bigger stainless steel barrel bolts.

**Below:** Trying the leg of the Spirit ES in the well. By rotating the leg through 180°, the tiller can be folded down to lie parallel. The battery will live remotely in a cockpit locker. So now all we have to do is take out all the cockpit furniture in order to glue it all back in again. And make the sliding dog kennel. And...





# Building a 13' Peapod

## Part 4

By Richard Honan

My apprentice, Christian Buonopane, and I continued working on shaping the mast for the 13' Peapod sailboat that we are building. The mast is actually constructed from a couple of Home Depot 12' 2"x4"s. We had previously routed a channel down the entire length of both 2"x4"s, epoxied them together and, using a circular saw, cut a four sided taper. Today I marked out the four sided mast into eight sides and cut the bevels with a battery powered circular saw. From there, Christian, using a jack plane for the first time (in his life), started the process of turning our eight sided mast into a 16 sided mast. Next up will be using a small block plane for the final shaping. By the time we have completed the shaping of this mast, it will look and feel like it was turned on a lathe.



Next up, we directed our attention to our planking stock, which consists of eight or ten flitches of clear Atlantic white cedar. These flitches or slabs are live edge, with the bark on them, just as they were cut at the saw-mill. We started marking these out with chalk lines so that we could make straight cuts the length of the slabs cutting off the live edge bark. The scent of this white cedar being cut on the table saw rivals that of any of the most expensive Chanel perfumes ever sold.



Christian and I got out the portable circular saw and cut off the live edge (bark) from the Atlantic White Cedar. We then ran it through the table saw and cut it to uniform widths.



Next we pulled out the thickness planer and planed down this rough sawn cedar to a dressed 7/8" thickness. We filled two large barrels of shavings from this beautiful cedar. It's going to be delivered to someone who has a guinea pig or a hamster.





## Thumbs Up

By Lou Guarino

It felt good to receive this nice email/letter from a friend and fellow boat builder relative to my boat building and my apprentice, Christian Buonopane:

"I have to say, I cannot give you a big enough of a 'thumbs up' regarding Christian and your tutelage. Back when I was 14, one fall I walked up to my aunt's house on the Seal Harbor side of Nahant Ave. The day before, the new neighbor had moved his boat into the front yard for its winter storage. The boat was one of those wooden 25'-30' cabin cruisers that looked massive out of the water since, for the most part, back in the late '60s boats were not as big as they are today. And, if you remember back then, if you owned that sort of boat you also had to own a large wooden cradle to keep it on as the simple jackstands we see today had not been invented and widely available.

Having always been a person who liked to float, and having always had a basic instinctive love of the water, I was in awe of anybody who would have a boat like this. The guy who had just bought the house and owned the boat was 20 years older than I, making him a full fledged adult of the ripe old age of 34. We got to know each other right off and the relationship quickly blossomed into the mentor mentee style. I learned a lot from him over the next four years until I went off to college. I had an old beat up 16' boat that floated past the highlands one year after a September storm. We got an old Evinrude 15hp kicker that always needed work. We had lobster traps and took diving lessons together and used to dive the Beachmont Breakwater.

We still keep in touch, and when I see him we still tell stories from our youth, even though back then I did not view 34 as a youth. He had grown up tough, youngest of three boys, with no father, working mother, in the poor section of Roslindale, and got in trouble with the law. The judge gave him a

choice, join the military or go off to reform school. He choose the Marines, which then led to Korea, before graduating from Northeastern and eventually, at 34, meeting this kid named Lou Guarino. So for him he was seeking and living a clean childhood he never had. And thereupon he changed my life for the better forever.

I think of him every day and how my ability to do what I do, and get my head around complex tasks, is a direct result of what he taught me. And now you are doing the same thing for Christian. And, as at some point in time allowing for the natural order of things, Richard Honan will be a name on some granite slab in the Winthrop cemetery and Christian Buonopane, grown up and with his own kids of the age he is now, will be telling stories of Richie and the first boat he ever made, and how he learned the idea of taking pride in what he did and the skills you taught will live on and on and on. It's heartwarming to see this sort of thing.



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## Time Measured in Frankenyears

I spent most of my more “active” years in and around the “military industrial complex,” also in and around the hustle/heartbreak of retail, wholesale and direct sales. They all require a reckoning of time, resources and likely outcomes, some sort of a P-L-A-N. Even The Lucas and his Tikitroops, cavorting around down there in their land of almost endless summer, have their more productive times and their slack periods. But even those guys, who seem to pop boats out faster than rabbits leaping from a prestidigitator’s chapeau, guardedly admit to working toward some sort of goal.

As we slip into the sunnier side of the winter solstice and brace for whatever Real Winter is getting ready to toss from the Almostcanada sky, I’ve been attempting to open up a fresh can of figgeritowts. I think this is our ninth, or even tenth, winter living here on the hard. Each of those intervening orbits ‘round have been divided into approximate halves, the winter Building Season and the summer Voyaging Season. Beyond that, accomplishments, plans, goals, tend to flow with gleeful abandon.

Possibly this is the best of all worlds for a “cluttered mind with access to sharp tools,” but I just spent my 72nd birthday in frustrating discomfort and righteous indignation. It seems that my recovery from a second knee replacement isn’t going according to plan, my plan at least. Still laid up, certainly chafing at the bit, beyond ready to get back to work. Heeding one of those “push harder but not too hard” kinda nostrums from the doc. “No ladder climbing but you’ve gotta get that knee bending more, here, let me see you climb up these stairs” kinda times.

This Building Season’s current shop tenant is waiting more or less patiently for a resumption of work. I do go out and pedal the exerbike and daydream about a return to working at least a reduced schedule of half or three quarter days, 12 to 18 hour shifts. Stuff like that galley flat just taunts me when I peer through the side window, and those forward catacombs. Sure, we’ve got a ways to go. Sure, there’s probably enough winter left.



## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers



### I Have Overthunk Sumpin’

For a couple months now I’ve been studying the presently stalled Frankenboat project *Walkabout*. I call it “going out to spin the wheel of fortune” where I sit hour after hour working my newly bionic knee in an effort to return some of the bend and twist it had before it all got “repaired.” It’s about the same angle I would expect to view it from a small shoreboat (when in the water and coming alongside). For much of that time I’ve been trying to figure out how I might both get into and out of such a tippy perch.



If I already knew what we were going to do, I’d already have it done. The questions have been pretty simple, it’s the proposed answers that seem to get in the way of progress. How am I gonna get me and Jamie the Seadog to and from shore under “normal” conditions without taking an unplanned swim? And where am I gonna put that little spitkit when I ain’t going and coming in it?

I’ve been asking all sorts of questions about different small boat designs, applications and such. Some thoughtful and helpful folks have joined in with the discussion. Here I sit with a stack of commercial plans, scribbles on odd scraps of paper and pages of correspondence, scads of great ideas. So while I’ve been grinding away on the Wheel of Fortune, I’ve had these grandiose conversations with myself about lifting slings and derricks and cargo booms and storage gallows and all manner of unproven and imaginary confabulations.

Then, when I decided to use the scaffold ladder as a knee flexing station, it brought on a radical change of perspective. This is just about the angle of viewing this little adventure wagon will present when I am standing on the dock. “Whutiff I just slide that little shoreboat up onto the coach roof and back down while standing on the dock? Well, maybe I should go out in the garage and see if there’s anything hanging up in the ceiling that might work without having to build something else, at least until I get this roofboat into the water and otherwise operational?”



There was little ol’ *Blarney* the tippeyak, the selfsame one that I already decided would work a lot better with some simple outriggers but never even tried ‘em. And the inflatable hanging by her nose over in the corner, probably work, too. Maybe even little long ignored *Limerick*. Or how about little *Paint Bucket*, the roto molded dink that is coming back to our small fleet one of these days. One thing is pretty certain, what I think I can do depends a lot on how I look at things.



## Fevered Dreams

Frankebuilding doesn't actually have "plans." Worse even, this Frankenbuilder doesn't really know what this or that opus is gonna look like until it actually looks like it. But I've been hatching this concept that is pretty darn original that I'd like to share with you, just in case you might find it useful.

The main reason we have these little boats is so we can bring 'em to gatherings and show 'em off. It's nice to be able to put 'em in the water and do boat stuff while showing them off. Unfortunately, some of us (me fer instance) live a fair distance from where most of the other boatfolk convene to display/float their boats. It becomes necessary to have a place to call home while off messing about. Normally I end up bringing a boat too large for the affair just to have a travel trailer.

A few years ago I knocked together a Frankenboat, probably cuter than practical, that was supposed to serve a similar purpose. *Gypsy Wagon* was modeled on the traditional notion of a Romani Vardo, called home by a transient culture in and about England from mid 19th to early 20th century. There was, admittedly, a large amount of discovery learning involved in this project. Overall, *GW* didn't live up to my particular design brief but the general look is pretty interesting.



The process of hauling a boat to where the Cool Kids are gathered to display and play with their own floaty things requires traversing a whole lot of dry land and, reasonably, it requires more than a few hours' commitment. To most enjoyably do that it would be nice to have a place to eat and sleep and such without constant need to find a restaurant and a motel and yes, public rest rooms even. And, of course, we can't lose sight of the main purpose of these trips, far flung though they may become, to bring a boat to a messabout.

Here's that kinda original idea. I'm going to assume that the vast majority of us, including me, don't have a truck mounted camper shell that can accomplish the hotel services. So this idea has to work for folks with less-gigantic boat hauling vehicles. What I'm notioning is a boat trailer that serves as both a travel trailer and a boat trailer. Commercial toy haulers are both expensive and UGLY, teardrops are likely too small for those of us traveling several days away from home. And anything of these genre worth bringing to a messabout should not only be unique and well conceived, it should be "better" than the run of the mill.

Which brings me to this Pretty Cool Idea, a bigger boat trailer with a smaller boat situated at the rear and a modern interpretation of a vardo mounted over the whole shebang. The house trailer can launch the boat "conventionally." The one I'm thinking about looks sorta like this one:



With a splash of this:



And kinda like this:



And maybe just a pinch of this:



Except under the back half is a "boat garage." You get the idea, if only somebody would just build one, and try it out, then we'd all know if it was a good idea.

## Twelve Months With Only One Good Knee

While going through the pulls and stretches at physical therapy, I was telling Steve about my desire to get back to work

Frankenbuilding. He asked me if I had any pictures. So I was just sitting here, ice and elevation, of course, digging a few illustration out of the archives and pasting them into a short Word document.

Then it hit me like a Mack truck. I'd made all this sawdust and gone all those places in only one year. Two thoughts, of course my knee hurt enough to want to have it overhauled, and what a blessing to be able to do this stuff!

Surgery November 2017- February 2018.



Three months later, back in the water, pushing the season a bit.



A season of adventure from Flathead to Olympia and just about every wet spot in between.



And then we started another one, this one hauled from Whidbey Island in October.



And then it was sawbones time...



Messing About in Boats, March 2019 – 37



Here's a couple of our old timers in the Tiki Hut after a hard day's work. Howard and Wally have been at this kind of stuff for a long time. They started with the old boat building down at Spanish Point in Sarasota, that's where Roger Allen landed when he decided to settle in Florida for a while. This is the same Roger who's now in Buffalo. The man went from Paradise to a frozen hell-hole, Rahj always did like to fight the flow. I bet he'd agree with me right about now. If you've been a good boy and eaten all of your veggies you may end up here in our old boat builder hall of fame.



John is having a new dock built and needed to move his semi submersible floating boat cradle made from drums and an old boat trailer, so he towed it across the river to my shore while the work is being done. The thing actually works, just run the boat up on it and the boat stays mostly out of the water.



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# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



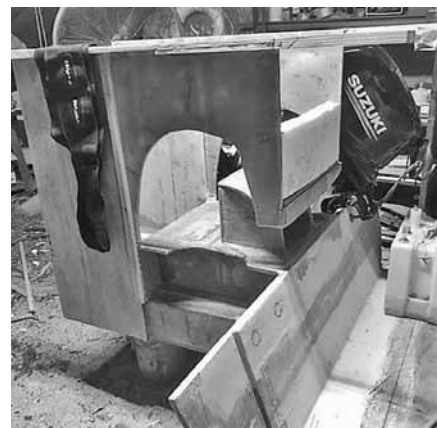
Howard's speedboat is looking fantastic. The plywood mahogany deck is getting its solid mahogany wood trim. This is a Glen-L design but don't imagine that that makes it simple to build, it just has a good set of plans. He's now looking for period correct hardware for the fittings for the things like the windshield and running lights.



It was time for a new yard tractor. We get them and add a trailer hitch on the front and chains on the back. I found this one for \$300 on craigslist. We usually get them for free so this one must be especially good. Our tractors usually last about three years before they go to the old tractor graveyard in the sky. That may seem like a mighty short life span until you remember that we get them when they have already spent their life mowing a million acres of grass and the guy just wants to get rid of the thing so he can get a new one. The chains give them vastly more traction for moving boats around the yard than the grass cutting tires.



Here is a shot of the engineering required to make twin outboards work on the big *Queen Anne* and still have a 20" wide boarding ladder/swim platform down through the middle of them. I've cut this thing apart and rebuilt it at least five times. The tolerances are really close, none more than 1/2" for the motors to turn inside the fantail. Patience is required.



I thought I had everything placed perfectly but the motor was on this side. When I moved it over to the far side I ran into another design snafu, I yelled to the guys in the other shops, "outboard motors aren't symmetrical" and got a bunch of laughs. The control cables come out of this side of the front and it works great on this side, but on the other side they hit when it is turned to the right so that required cutting the tunnel in the step support thingy. Which meant adding reinforcing to the structure. I can see now why the prototype of a new boat design would cost a lot.

Everything else is moving along. John continues to sand on his houseboat, Simon continues to glass on his little tugboat, Richard is between boats but has discovered the joy of making furniture from solid mahogany, Wally is adding shelves to his part of the shop in prep for his next project and Jimmy has finally come home to get back on his Melonseed. That's it, have fun and you up north guys stay out of the snow.



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## Kevin's 30th Anniversary

By Nina Noah

As the new year approached, so did Kevin's 31st year as an instructor at the Apprenticeshop. Most of us on the Shop floor can't even imagine a pre Kevin Shop. For 30 years he has been a steadfast presence, shepherding apprentices quietly, graciously, with that humorous sparkle in his eyes, through their two year crash course in building boats.

One of the things I appreciate most about Kevin is his ability to stand back and allow his students to make mistakes. Making mistakes has always been hard for me. I can be a bit of a control freak, perfectionist, or whatever else you'd like to call it. But letting go and allowing myself to try something without fear of the end result has never been my forte. That has shifted after my now three and a half years at the Shop. And I owe much of that change to the experience of making and to Kevin's approach to teaching.

Kevin had a knack for coming by to check on me just as I had committed some ungraceful error, like tearing out the grain after getting a little too chisel happy, or accidentally missing my marks with a handsaw. When he would inevitably catch my eye, I would sheepishly smile, half hidden in my corner behind the stern of the Mackinaw. He would come over, grinning and jokingly ask, "Ok, what did you do now?"

This little poke at me had a way of immediately taking the tension out of my shoulders. It made my error seem trivial, something to laugh off, an easily navigated problem rather than the cataclysm it had seemed to me five minutes before. Moments like these have allowed me to relax into a problem. They've given me the confidence to tackle mistakes knowing I'll come out of the experience just fine. And for that, I am very grateful because this skill doesn't just apply to boat building. It has allowed me to navigate those moments of losing control in life with more ease and, I'd like to think, more grace.

So many apprentices hold Kevin in great esteem. Former apprentice Ellery Brown had this to say about Kevin:

"As a bright eyed first year apprentice, I was absolutely in awe of Kevin's boat building prowess from the moment I saw him work. From lofting, to cutting a rabbet, to fitting a dovetail joint, it all seemed effortless and lovely in his hands, like he was born with that folding ruler in one hand and a block plane in the other.

Now ten years out of the Apprenticeshop I've encountered other "naturals" in the boat building world. I've done my best to learn as much from all of them as I can. Along the way I've realized that yes, Kevin's boat building abilities are remarkable, but his true gift is teaching. I have never met anyone so capable of helping others be their best selves. Kevin has so quietly escorted so many of us to the profound sense of pride and accomplishment that comes in launching a boat of one's own making. I suspect and hope that he feels those same emotions in sending his apprentices into the world to pursue this craft, or more to the point, to pursue our best selves."

At our recent holiday party we had an opportunity to pay tribute to Kevin and, even better, give him a thorough surprise. We secretly donned specially designed tee shirts in his honor. While he was intently unwrapping his own shirt, which we had wrapped and placed under the tree with the rest of the secret Santa gifts, the whole crowd removed their top layer to reveal the custom Kevin Carney emblem on their tees. When he finally looked up to register the surrounding crowd, he nearly jumped out of his Carharts. It was rare to see such a composed figure look so surprised!



Thank you Kevin for sharing your head, heart and hands with the Apprenticeshop community over the past 30 years.

## Nesting Dinghy

Kevin has been working away diligently at this little plywood boat. That's why it was suspenseful to watch him saw into this beautifully constructed Joel White design. That's not one of the usual steps of boat construction. But this nesting dinghy is actually meant to break down into two separate parts. Each half supposedly floats on its own. This project was commissioned by board member Frank Blair who plans to use it as the tender for his larger boat currently under construction in Nova Scotia. We can't wait to test her out!



## Lofting Workshop March 30th and 31st

Lofting is an essential step in the process of building a boat, but it is also one of the more confounding ones. Come learn the basics in this weekend workshop taught by veteran builder Mike Geer. Participants will get hands on practice with translating boat plans into full size, two dimensional drawings. They will also learn how to develop patterns from their lofting to use in the actual construction of key backbone pieces of a boat. Registration Deadline: March 15. (Photo Credit: Erin Tokarz)

## Progress on the Dublin Bay

The Dublin Bay crew, recently joined by apprentice Andy Nadolny, are ready to put the backbone structure together. In the photo the stem and keel have been clamped to hold them in place as apprentices finish cutting the notches that will receive the molds. The next step: Planking! (Photo Credit: Erin Tokarz)

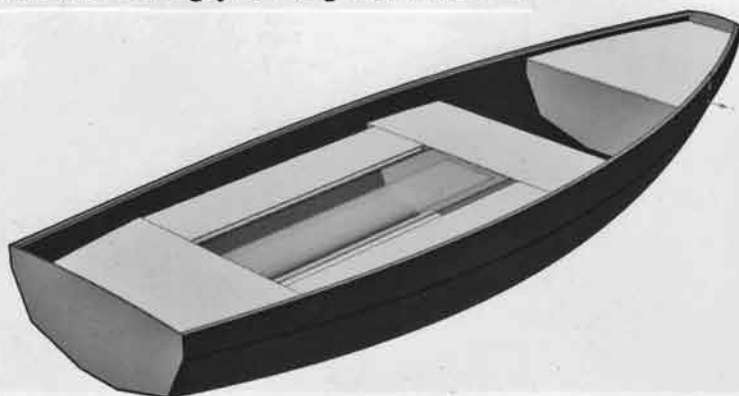


Messing About in Boats, March 2019 – 39

# Hatseflats : A 15-foot Pram Dinghy for Cruising

by Hubert Bakker

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising  
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



## Hatseflats\* design – May 2017

*Hatseflats* is a Dutch 'vlet', hence its name. Others would call it a Norwegian pram.

In 2016 I read Roger Barnes' excellent *Dinghy Cruising Companion*, which inspired me to take up dinghy cruising. Having decided that my self-designed *TooPhat* (an 11ft dinghy with a Topper rig) would be too small, I went looking for a cruising dinghy of around 15ft. Either a used dinghy or a dinghy that I could build myself. Late in 2016 I decided to design and build a boat that I could use for longer trips, sometimes alone, or with my wife Klarie.

The new dinghy should be large enough to sleep aboard, and small enough to sail by myself.

I decided to design and build a Norwegian Pram. Prams are easy to build. Due to the volume

in the bow they are relatively seaworthy and are easy to sail downwind.

Early in the new year I took a paper model to sailmaker Frank van Zoest who suggested that I chose a TIRRIK rig. I ordered the rig and started to design the boat around it.

I first set the basic dimensions to 15ft by 5ft, which incidentally

was about the biggest hull I could build in my garage. The design was intended to be a compromise between sailing and rowing.

I set the minimum displacement at 300kg for sailing singlehanded and the maximum displacement at 450kg for doublehanded sailing with full camping kit. To support both displacement modes, I designed a lot of rocker into the hull. This meant that planing would be off the menu.

For its narrow beam I put more volume in the transom than in typical raid boats. The idea here was to improve the sailing performance without making it hard to row.

Dry storage would be provided under the foredeck and aft deck. Buoyancy tanks in the ends should help keep the boat afloat when flooded.

In April 2017 I finalized the design. It had sufficient rocker in the bow to keep it out of the waves. The internal height was 62cm for extra volume and a dry ride.

Early on I had decided to use stitch and glue construction, which means that you build outside-in. Mid-August 2017 I cut out the hull panels with a circular saw. I also prepared the bulkheads with hatches and deck stringers. To stabilize the hull I built a simple jig.

In September I stitched the



Elfvaarwegentocht – July 2018

\* *Hatseflats* is a mild interjection along the lines of 'Bob's your uncle', 'My goodness!' or 'Oh dear!' in English. Hubert tells me that it has a connotation of shoddy workmanship (surely not!)

–Ed



Dorestad Raid – September 2018

panels and bulkheads together and put the hull into the jig. In October I had completed the epoxy work on the hull shell. In November I made blanks for the rudder and daggerboard and created the daggerboard box.

During the following months I worked on smaller components like the foils, mast step, seats, etc. After the cold winter months, April finally brought fine weather. I finished the construction work by early May.

By the end of the month, I had painted *Hatseflats* and started fitting out. In early June I took *Hatseflats*

for its first outing.

After I had learned to set the balanced lug rig correctly, I took her on a number of trips.

First I sailed the 'Raid NL' with 3 other boats (see page 72). In 5 days we sailed and rowed 180km through the most beautiful parts of the Netherlands.

The following trip was a three-day event to demonstrate fossil-free transportation to the general public.

After that my wife Klarie and I took the boat on several camping trips. Truth be told: we did not

camp in the boat but on land!

On September 1st my friend Richard and I raced *Hatseflats* for 55km in the single-day Extreme Raid event (see DC237). We finished in the middle of the fleet.

Two weeks later, Klarie and I sailed the Dorestad Raid 2018. This is a 4-day sailing trip through Friesland with about 20 other boats. (See next issue.)

At this event I was awarded the 'Pride of the Fleet' award because the organizers were impressed by *Hatseflats*.

A very honourable debut for my first cruising dinghy design!

*Hatseflats* is a spacious cruising dinghy which accommodates two sailors, their provisions and camping gear, yet still sails well.

It is a lively boat which goes well upwind on flat water, especially when sailing singlehanded. When going upwind in waves you have to steer around the waves to maintain boat speed.

When reaching and running, *Hatseflats* seems faster than many other cruising dinghies, especially if it is windy. A steady pace without expending much effort can be maintained when rowing. HB

More information about designing, building and sailing *Hatseflats* can be found on:

<http://home.casema.nl/khbakker>

On Raid NL, which was held in late June 2018 (see page 72)



(Below) Zoutkamp botenlift, Reitdiep. On the route of Raid NL





# New England's Logboats:

## Four Centuries of Watercraft

By Ann Marie Plane  
Reprinted with permission from the  
"Bulletin of the Massachusetts  
Archaeological Society.

Dugout boats provide an untapped resource for understanding the ways in which the inhabitants of New England have lived and worked at different times in history. Yet when unearthed from ponds or enshrined in museums, these vessels are often mistaken for artifacts from the pre-contact Indian past. My study of New England's dugouts, or logboats as many prefer to call them (McGrail 1978, vol. 1: 2)1, has shown that most surviving boats date from a later period, when both Indians and Euro-Americans made such boats. Irish, English, French, African, and native American designs converged to create New England's logboats. From their all-purpose uses in the seventeenth century, to their survival in the north woods of the twentieth, New Englanders preferred logboats to other, more sophisticated craft. Far from being pristine artifacts of Amerindian experience, all but a handful of the surviving logboats discovered in New

England as of this writing appear to date to the contact or historic period.

By studying these logboats from New England we can glimpse the ways in which the people, English, French, and Amerindian, made and used these boats within specific regional economies. The dynamics between these three groups varied widely in different regions and different time periods. Further, the examples remind us once again that people shape their material world according to cultural needs and expectations, in combination with environmental conditions and resource availability. As students of material culture have argued, all material objects reflect the

culture that produced them. The cultural and material worlds are intertwined in the design, construction, and use of common objects. As Robert St. George put it, when read "socially," artifacts must be "interpreted as related parts of a larger puzzle" (St. George 1988:9). Logboats, like other artifacts of the material world, have a great deal to tell us about the cultures that made and used them.

Elsewhere I have argued that New England's logboats fall into two loosely defined types: a coastal/riverine type found from Connecticut to Nova Scotia, and an inland lake type prevalent in northern New England, New Brunswick, and Quebec (Plane 1990:2,38). My conclusions were based on the study of surviving canoes from New England and Canada, in combination with references in historical documents. Of the thirty odd boats I located, all but three survive in some form. Probably many more canoes were excavated in the early part of this century but did not survive. I was able to study eleven boats of the sample in detail, recording ten of them by means of photography, drawings, and detailed description. I also looked at other researchers' surveys of these boats when available. Eight boats I studied via published or unpublished reports. I compared my sample to surveys of similar boats from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario, Virginia, and North Carolina, as well as England and Ireland, in order to identify regional characteristics, common stylistic sources, and so forth.

For detailed reports on these vessels, I refer the reader to my unpublished essay (Plane 1990: Appendix). But, in brief, of those surviving boats that have been radiocarbon dated, only four, located at three underwater sites in Vermont, predate the period of contact with Europeans. Those which appear to be of early contact period native American origin (see Figures 1, 2) tend to have rounded ends and less angular appearance, whereas the Euro-American are more likely to have a pointed bow and a square or truncate stern (Fig. 3). Common features of historic period boats are pegs, mends, nails, seats, and mast braces. As with any highly individuated artifact, however, New England's surviving logboats vary tremendously in design and appearance.

Before Europeans 'discovered' the region now called New England, the Indian peoples of New England and Canada made two main types of boats, each adapted to the specific cultural needs of the group. The Indians of northern New England and Canada used canoes made of birch bark, stitching the bark into a pouch, bracing the bark into a pouch and then bracing this with a wooden frame. The design of these vessels varied according to the tribe, as well as to the conditions and purposes of its use, but all were lightweight and easily carried around impassable waters (Adney and Chapelle 1964:13,27,58-153). In the agricultural regions of southern New England, the birch (*Betula papyrifera*) did not grow large enough for ca-

25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**

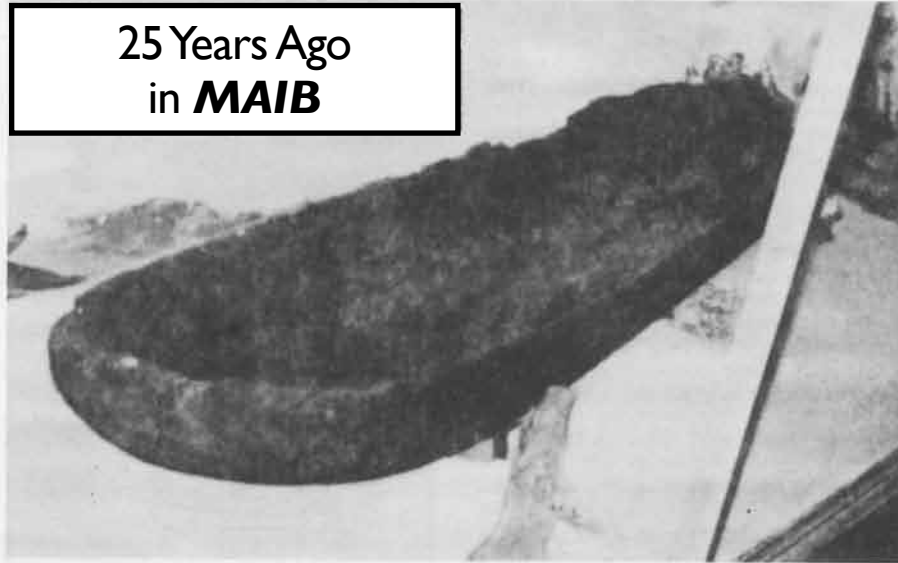
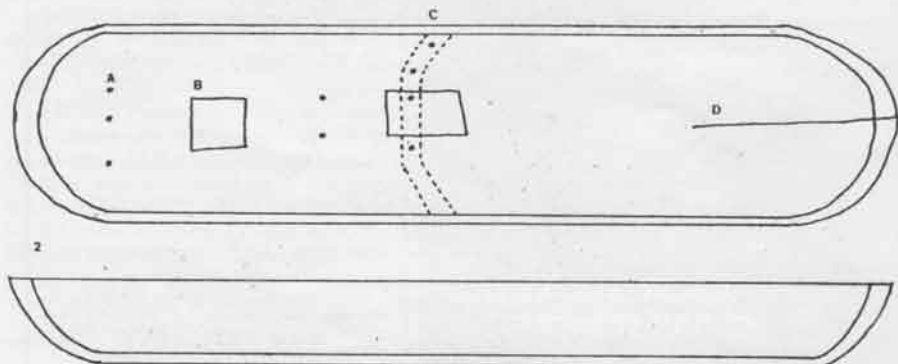


Figure 2a and 2b. Weymouth logboat, photo and plan. This boat was discovered in Weymouth's Great Pond during the drought of 1965. It may have been made with aboriginal technology, but it has several nails associated with it, as well as faint lines marking a possible rib. Perhaps it was an Indian boat with contact period additions made by either Indians or Euro-Americans. A detailed recovery report exists (see Keavitt 1968). The boat was excavated by the Weymouth Historical Commission, and is now located at the Weymouth Historical Society Museum, Tufts Library, Weymouth, MA (photo by Ann Marie Plane). 1) Plan View: A: Nail fragments in hull; B: Faint depression in hull; C: Discoloration, nails, possibly from a rib; D: Large crack. 2) Profile view: 3.185 m length; 68.6 cm overall width; 29.2 to 29.9 cm depth; all measurements from Keavitt (1968). Locations of features approximate as the canoe is in a closed case.





noe making (Peattie 1950:165). Peoples from Massachusetts Bay southwards along the coast all the way to Florida made and used logboats (Salwen 1978:164; Roberts and Shackleton 1983:63-80). But Indian people chose to make either log or birch-bark canoes for reasons beyond the simple availability of materials. For example, the Abenaki used both birchbark and log canoes, depending upon the body of water traveled (Day 1978:148-59). In the extreme north, trade networks supplied birch bark to Indians beyond the paper birch range (Taylor 1980:9). In later years, both Euro-American and Amerindian inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces and Quebec made log canoes (Roberts and Shackleton 1983:91-5). Rather than simply being determined by the range of the paper birch, the heavier logboats of southern New England's natives may have better suited the more sedentary life of these peoples.

Europeans recorded some detailed descriptions of the construction and use of Indian logboats in the early seventeenth century. John Smith, William Wood, and Samuel de Champlain all described logboat making, the former from Virginia, and the latter two from New England. First the Indian felled a large tree, usually pine or chestnut, using fire and stone axes to do the job. He shaped the outside, and, using heated pebbles or slowburning coals, he alternately burnt the inside and then scraped the charred wood out with stone scrapers or clam shells, carefully controlling the process to obtain the desired size (Fowler 1976: 1-3). As William Wood described it in his accounts from 1629-34,

"Their Cannows be made...of Pinetrees, which before they were acquainted with English tooles, they burned hollow, scraping them smooth with Clamshells and Oyster-shells, cutting their outside with stone-hatchets" (Wood 1898:96).

Archaeological evidence seems to corroborate the historians' accounts. A site in North Reading, Massachusetts may have been used for logboat making. A large mass of charcoal, 6.1 m square by 28 cm deep was found 1.8 m above Skud's River and Martin's Pond. Excavators recovered five large, undamaged stone woodworking tools from the site. Each tool appeared to fit a different phase of logboat construction. In addition, the larger pieces of charcoal each had one smooth side, as if scraped from the wood by a sharp tool. By the presence of a full grooved axe, the site could be tentatively dated to the middle or late Archaic Period, approximately 5000-1000 B.C. (Fowler 1976:4; Dincauze 1976: 121). Thus, perhaps the peoples of early Massachusetts used particular locations for logboat manufacture, places close to both the trees needed as well as near the water.

While European reporters suggest that Indians made boats for individual use, at least some of the boats must have belonged to the kin-group or the wider community. Roger Williams' 1643 account notes that a man would go alone into the woods, taking some food along and building a temporary shelter for himself. Williams wrote,

"but so hee continues burning and hewing untill he hath within ten or twelve

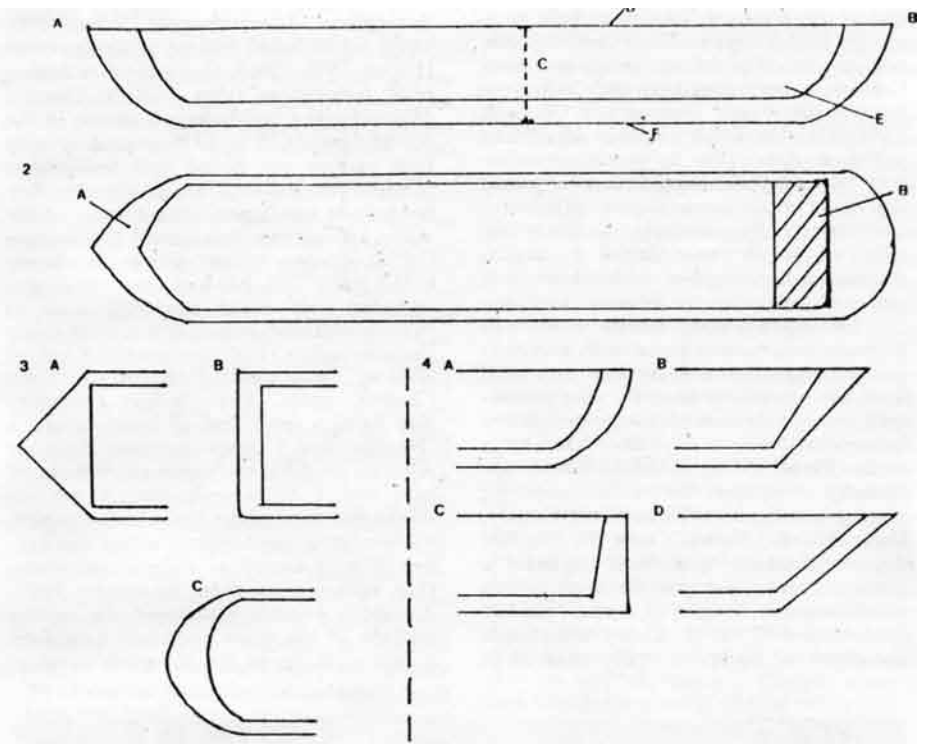


Figure 1. Terminology for logboats. As regional studies of logboats increase in number, the need for standardized terminology also becomes greater. I am indebted to Michael Alford of the North Carolina Maritime Museum, Beaufort, NC, for his suggestions for a standard vocabulary. 1) Profile View. A: Bow (front); B: Stern (back); C: Depth; D: Gunwale (top edge); E: Hull; F: Bottom. 2) Plan View. A: Endpiece; B: Deck or seat. 3) End Shapes. A: Pointed End; B: Truncate or Square End; C: Round or Curved End. 4) End Profiles. A: Spoon; B: Raked; C: Upright; D: Steeply Raked.

dayes (lying there at his worke alone) finished, and (getting hands,) lunched his Boate; with which afterward hee ventures out to fish in the Ocean" (Williams 1971:108-9).

But Williams was writing as an English man, and, as we shall see, the English of the 1630's counted dugout boats as personal possessions, made exclusively by individual men. Many explorers reported large canoes, filled with many natives, especially in more southerly regions, near the Hudson River. The largest of these logboats were 12 or 15 meters long and could carry forty men (Salwen 1978: 164). Did the members of the group own these boats in common? Did they share in their manufacture? European accounts do not answer these questions.

From the first years of their settlement throughout New England, English colonists also made their own multi-purpose log canoes. In William Wood's 1634 account of New England, he described some of the ways in which Euro-Americans made and used these boats. He also noted that logboats were especially popular in particular areas, writing of Salem, Massachusetts,

they crosse these rivers with small cannoves, which are made of whole pine trees, being about two foot & a half over, and 20. foote long: in these likewise they goe a fowling, sometimes two leagues to sea; there be more Cannoves, in this town than in all the whole Patent; every household having a water-house [water-horse] or two (Wood 1898:35).

"Cannows" show up frequently in probate and court records of the Plymouth Colony from a very early date. In 1638, a jury of inquest into the death of one John England found that he drowned while "sayleing in a canow of Mr. Thomas Burne's betwixt Greene's Harbor and Plymouth...by reason of the insufficiency of the said canow, to make way in stormy weather..." (Yentsch 1986:57). Within a decade of year-round settlement, Europeans were making and using their own dugout canoes.

Where did Europeans learn of dugouts? Was it from the Indians? The Irish? Their own tradition? The evidence sometimes seems confusing. Certainly, as Sean McGrail has documented, the English and other Europeans had made logboats of various types, usually of oak (*Quercus* sp.), which McGrail has described as the ideal wood for logboat construction (McGrail 1978, vol. 1: 117). By the seventeenth century, wood shortages had limited English logboat making to the extreme northern and western areas of the British Isles (McGrail 1978, vol. 2: fig. 206). In Ireland, "tree-boats" of oak or ash (*Fraxinus* sp.) were made right up through the end of the eighteenth century (MacDowell 1983, vol. 1: 16, 43). Henry Glassie has suggested that logboats were only fully accepted into Anglo-American culture when that culture included African and Irish elements (Glassie 1972: 158), and certainly English contact with the Irish and African peoples familiarized them with such vessels.

But it seems likely that Amerindians

had an enormous influence on boat technology in this region. The word itself, canoe, originated in the Americas, as a post-Columbian borrowing from the Carib word for logboat, canoa (Adney and Chapelle 1964: 13). The small numbers of African and Irish Americans in seventeenth-century New England suggest that they may not have had much direct influence. Undoubtedly, the presence of a lively tradition of Indian canoe use in the region stimulated the adoption of logboats with such enthusiasm by the English.

The documentary record shows that logboats remained popular with colonists into the eighteenth century, and they used them for everything from ferrying passengers and goods across rivers to hauling manure, salt marsh hay, and other large loads (Plane 1990: 16-34)<sup>2</sup>. People apparently even reserved certain trees for making canoes. In 1679 in Essex County, Massachusetts, Robert Cross, Jr. testified that one Samuel Pipen "sold deponent a canoe tree that grew upon the north side of a hill amongst ledges of rocks" (ECCR 1913-19, vol. 7: 203). Canoe trees were also protected by law in some areas, as in

Springfield, Massachusetts, where they could not be felled without general consent (Bacon 1970:306)<sup>3</sup>. One survey of household inventories from Suffolk County, Massachusetts (excluding Boston), in the period from 1675 to 1775, turned up only four canoes out of all 109 inventories (Cummings 1964:v,276), perhaps so few because of the largely inland focus of the study. These four were used in Dedham (1681), Chelsea (1761), and in Dorchester (1768 and 1771). All four inventories also included salt marsh property, such as "Canoe meadow" valued at 9 pounds in the Dedham estate, and "ten load salt hay at 36/load" for a total of 18 pounds in the Chelsea estate. The Chelsea inventory also listed a great deal of livestock and a "Negro man," who perhaps brought African or African-American notions of boat design to New England.<sup>4</sup> All this shows that throughout the colonial period, canoes fitted comfortably within the system of petty enterprise and private ownership common to New England's Euro-American coastal settlement. In certain pockets of the coast, logboats continued in use right up to the twentieth century.

Despite depletion of local wood resources by the late eighteenth century (Cronon 1983:112-3), logboats were used for oyster-tonging in the New Haven (CT), flats until the early twentieth century. Three which survive have histories that link them to a specific maker in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. According to Ernest E. Ball, the son of the original owner of several such boats, dugouts were made at Cayuga Lake, one of the "Fingerlakes" of upstate New York by "a man called Uncle John Smith who was a veteran of the war of 1812" (Ball 1938). Smith floated the canoes down the Erie Canal and the Hudson River. Oystermen of New Haven preferred these boats, presumably because they were uniquely suited to work among oyster flats.

In northern New England, sparser settlement and an economic dependence on hunting and fishing encouraged lively use of small logboats on ponds and lakes right into the twentieth century. These inland boats survive in relatively greater numbers than either the coastal/riverine or the aboriginal types. Sunk in ponds and marshes, they are discovered and excavated with some frequency. Their common characteristics include flat bottoms 6-7.5 cm thick, sides rising at near ninety degree angles, and square or pointed bows. These boats tend to range from 3-6 meters in length, while the coastal boats run from 6-9 m in length. The inland boats in general look rougher than the coastal and river logboats, their lines are sharper, and they sometimes still bear the blade marks from the tools used to make them. Examples of this type of pond or lake boat cluster in northern New England, although some examples exist elsewhere.

Boats such as these seem to have been used on one pond or lake, for fishing, transportation, and fowling up into the twentieth century. The Adams Family of Fair Haven, Vermont, made and used one such boat on Lake Champlain. John Tracy Adams described its manufacture and use in some detail after its purchase by the Vermont Division for Historic Preservation. Adams reported that the dugout was made in 1881 or 1882, "to use for hunting and trapping muskrats" (Adams n.d.:1). Adams' ancestor, James E. Adams, made the boat with a friend, Benjamin Smith, who had built about thirty dugouts. Adams notes,

In the summer of 1881 Mr. Smith and Mr. Adams started searching for a fine log large enough to make a dugout. They finally found one in Benson, Vermont and purchased it, to be cut when the snow was deep to save log from any breaking or splitting damage when falling. When the snow was deep in the winter, they drove their team and sleighs up on the lake to Benson Landing, then to the tree which they fell, loaded on the sleighs, and started back to West Haven. As they drove up the lake, they chopped off the rough sides of the log to start the outside shape of the dugout (Adams n.d.: 1-2).

After the outside shape was complete, the men bored holes in the curvature of the boat to serve as thickness gauges. They cut red cedar pegs to the desired finished thickness, drove them into the holes, and then removed wood from the inside. The boat was repaired several times, once when

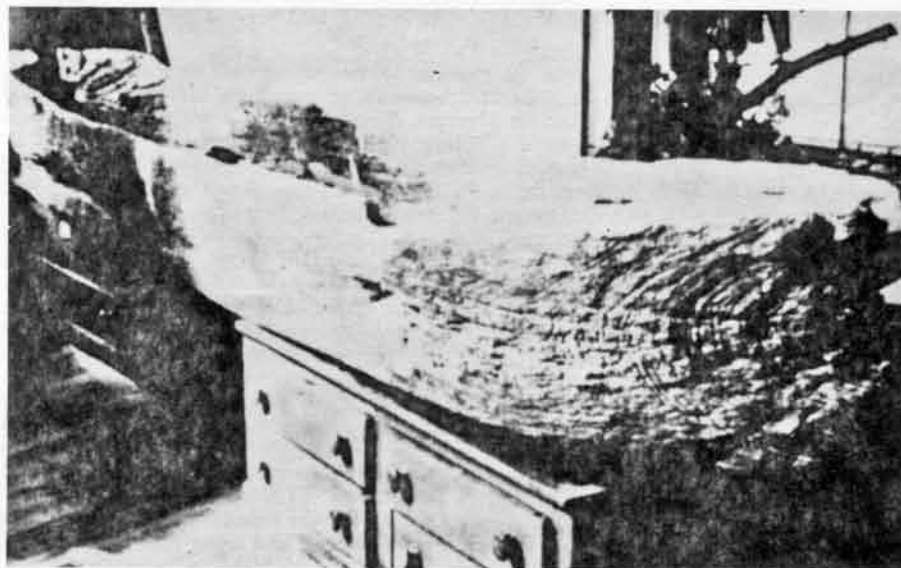
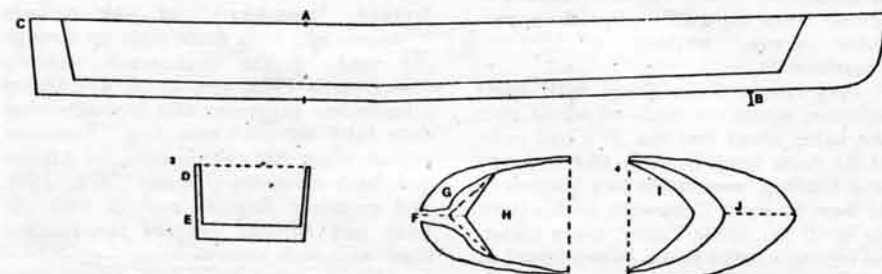


Figure 3a and 3b. Hopkinton logboat, photo and plan. Very well preserved boat found in Hopkinton's Jo-Sylvia Lake (NH) in the early twentieth century. It has overcut marks from an axe and such European maritime features as a pointed bow and a barely discernable stem or keel at the stern. This vessel is now at the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, Hopkinton, NH (Photo, Robert B. St. George). I) Profile view: 4.39 m length; 58.4 cm width; 39.4 cm depth at point A; B: This boat has an angled bottom with approximately a 10 cm rise at point B; C: A missing upper portion of the stem has been reconstructed in this drawing. 2) Section view, taken at point A of plan 1. The sides vary in thickness from 1.0 cm at D to 3.8 cm at E; the bottom is 7.6 cm thick. 3) Plan view of stem. F: Location of small projection at the bottom of the stern. The upper portion of the stern, approximately 15.2 cm long, is missing; G: Top of endpiece; H: Floor to chine line (where the floor ends and the endpiece begins its rise); Entire detail: 14.3 cm length. 4) Plan view of Bow. I: Floor to chine line; J: Length of endpiece is 38.7 cm.





the side was cracked, and again when the heartwood from the bow rotted away. Adams reports that the boat was in use for about seventy years, which would mean that his family stopped using it in the 1940's or 1950's (Adams n.d.:2-3).

To be sure, other than the four Vermont finds, there are no surviving logboats from New England that clearly reflect a flourishing and unchanged native American culture; no such unchanged culture could exist. However, boats from Canada demonstrate ways in which the material world of the Indians both responded to and influenced Euro-Canadian society. Both in New Brunswick and in Ontario, Indians made logboats that responded to birchbark designs as well as to European design challenges. Several canoes as well as oral history from Ontario suggest that, as Indians became more sedentary they adopted logboats, which remained in use well into the twentieth century (Rogers 1965:458). A canoe from New Brunswick demonstrates similar influences from birchbark design on the log canoes of Indians in eastern Canada. Its light design and delicate hull reflect birchbark traditions as well as similarities to the light French-Canadian pirogue, which springs from the same influences (Plane 1990:424).

Euro-Americans also felt the influence of Indian boats, sometimes adopting Indian styles intentionally. As early as the late eighteenth century, Indians and their boats had begun to hold some romance for white New Englanders.<sup>5</sup> By the mid-nineteenth century, the Indian was firmly entrenched as a romantic figure in the American mind. From Thoreau onward, whites traveled to the northwoods of Maine and Canada for 'back to nature' experiences.<sup>6</sup>

It is this romance that shapes our attitudes about logboats even today. As I have shown in this paper, logboats did have a source in the native American cultures of this area. But they also were integrated into Euro-American culture, and this integration persisted beyond the point of initial frontier contact into the twentieth century in many areas. When we can keep this tradition in mind, then we can better understand and more accurately interpret the artifacts before us. I hope that this essay has demonstrated some of the real history of New England's logboats, and the people who made them. Indians belong in this story, but not as they have been romantically portrayed. Rather, the Amerindian traditions form one strand of many which converged to create the logboats of New England's past.

**Acknowledgements:** I would like to thank the many museums, historical societies, and individuals who opened their collections to me. I am also grateful for the advice and criticisms of Mary Beaudry, Robert B. St. George, Timothy Kent and Elizabeth Little. Of course, any errors in the conclusions presented here are mine.

**Author's Note:** If you discover a logboat, contact your state archaeologist before excavation. In southeastern New England you may also report logboats to the archaeology department at the Peabody Museum, Salem, MA, (508) 745-1876, or to the Massachusetts Archaeological Society, Middleborough, MA, (508) 947-9005.

## END NOTES:

1. Sean McGrail has argued that the term dugout connotes a method of construction which may not have been used, and also that these boats should be considered along with rafts and multi-log boats (McGrail 1978, vol 2: 2).

2. In 1654 a servant to Thomas Williams of Winter Harbor [Maine] was presented to the court, "for Emptiing a conow that was laded with dressing for ground on the Lords day & for carring the said conow to the side of Richard Moores boafe" (See Case of Sylvester Page, June 29, 1654, Yorkshire County, Maine Province and Court Records, vol. 2: 31). In 1664, Nicholas Cole of Wells (Maine) was granted "lyberty to keepe the Ferry over Cape Porpus River for the Tearme of Seven Yeares, hee providing a Conow & making bridges for conveniency of passage & travelling....(An Act establishing a ferry, July 5, 1664, Wells, MPCR, vol. II: 158). In Essex County, Massachusetts, in 1670, a dispute over a piece of salt meadow led to the seizure of hay allegedly cut illegally. William Hascall, Jr. deposed that he went with the Constable's deputy "to Goodman Harradine's dock where there were two loads of hay on canoes" (Edward Harraden vs. James Steevens and Anthony Day, Ipswich Quarterly Court, ECCR, vol. III: 442).

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3. Springfield, due to its location on the wide Connecticut River and its early settlement, may have used boats like those of the coastal regions.

4. Estates of Sgt. Henry Wight, Dedham, April 2, 1681; Jonathan Bill, Chelsea, Nov. 19, 1761; Samuel Pierce, Dorchester (Yeoman), Nov. 22, 1768; James Foster, Dorchester (Gentleman), Nov. 22, 1774 (Cummings 1964:34, 185-7, 221-4, 246-8).

5. In 1773, a Connecticut-born white student of Dartmouth College, John Ledyard, left school in a dugout he made himself. As described by an unspecified alumnus of the college, Ledyard "absents himself for three months without leave in rambling among the Indians of Canada and the Six Nations. Leaves the college in a canoe made with his own hands and descends the Connecticut alone to Hartford." To complete the romance, Bacon's sources inform us that Ledyard took only a bearskin, a shelter made of willow branches at one end of the canoe, and Ovid and the Greek Testament along with him. Ledyard went on to explore the world, writing accounts of parts of Africa and Siberia and chronicling Captain Cook's last voyage to Hawaii (Bacon 1970:384).

6. For an account of Thoreau's journey and an example of the continued allure of the north woods, see McPhee (1975:69-73, and throughout).

MPCR: See Maine Province and Court Records.

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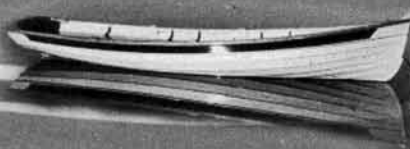
A lengthy list of secondary references is also available. Readers with scholarly interest in this subject should contact the Massachusetts Archeological Society in Middleborough, Massachusetts at (508) 947-9005.





# Arch Davis Designs

Wooden Boat Plans and Designs



## Welcome to Arch Davis Designs

Arch Davis Designs offers wooden boat plans, boat kits, DVDs, epoxy resin, sails and rigging, masts and spars, marine plywood and more for the backyard boat builder, for sailboats, powerboats and rowboats.

I'm Arch Davis. I learned boat building and design in New Zealand in the 1970s. I have been helping people to build beautiful wooden boats since 1988. My approach to design is to put into your hands the means to use modern materials, marine plywood and epoxy resin, to build a truly lovely boat with classic lines.

I believe that a boat should be beautiful, not just by virtue of her lines, but also in her construction. No material makes this possible like wood. My aim is to take advantage of wood's unique strengths in a structure that captivates the eye. I want you to feel that you are always doing good work in building one of these boats.

You'll see that I have a small collection of designs. That is because I understand your need for clear, comprehensible, detailed plans and instructions. I put a lot of time into my drawings, building manuals and DVDs. I also spend a lot of time helping people through their projects, on the phone or by email. I really am here to help!



You won't see promises here that building a boat is quick and easy. What I do promise is that building one of my boats will be an extremely rewarding and satisfying experience and that you will be enormously proud of the finished result. Can you build one of these boats? Certainly, some of them, the Sand Dollar or Laughing Gull, for example, are entry level designs. Others, the Penobscot 14 or Penobscot 17 or one of the bigger boats, are more challenging. Many have been built by people with no prior woodworking experience at all.

Others have found stitch and glue a little unsatisfying and want to try their hand at something that makes better use of their woodworking skills. All my plans include clear, detailed building manuals and my personal backup when you need it. Just don't build one of my boats unless you are willing to show her off, wherever you take her!

If you see something that you like in my collection, please feel free to contact me with any questions. I am available on the phone at (207) 930-9873 or contact me by email. I hope you will also visit my blog, which I keep as a journal with boat building tips, comments on tools and materials, thoughts about design and a lot more.



I believe that one of life's great moments is landing on an island in a boat of one's own building. I hope you will share the experience!

### Wooden Boat Plans and Boat Kits

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**Bay Pilot 18:** 18' Pilothouse cruiser for outboard power.

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**Penobscot 13:** 13' Little sister to Penobscot 14.

**Penobscot 14:** 14' Glued lapstrake sailing/rowing skiff.

**Penobscot 17:** Big sister to the Penobscot 14.

**Sand Dollar :** 11' Sailing/rowing skiff.

**Jack Tar:** 26' Plywood lobster boat design.

**Jiffy 9-7:** Suitable for rowing or a small outboard motor.

**Jiffy 22:** Outboard powered cabin skiff.

**Jiffy V-22:** Vee-bottom sister of the Jiffy 22.

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New Year's resolutions are made to be broken. Mine for last year was to keep up my Facebook page. I've never been comfortable with Facebook and the resolution didn't last long. This year I am going to try to put out a newsletter every couple of months. I think I'll find it easier to keep up, we'll see.

The problem is that I really don't like to spend time at the computer. I start my day in my office (after coffee, nothing happens until I've had two big cups), catching up with email, checking on orders, printing plans or study packages as required and the like. It's essential work, of course, but it doesn't feel like I'm doing real work until I get out into my shop, fire up the woodstove in winter and start cutting wood, gluing things together and other fun stuff. Maybe if I just spend an hour or two every two months or so putting a newsletter together, I will be more successful than trying to keep up with Facebook.

Work in the shop at the moment (early January) mostly means building Penobscot

## Our Current Newsletter

13s. I have one waiting only on some varnish to be finished, at least the boat itself. It will go to a proud owner in New Hampshire. He wants a lugsail rig and I have started on the mast. In the meantime I have started another P13, which will go to Virginia. Both boats feature painted interiors up to the level of the seats, the seats and the interior of the sheer strake varnished and the exterior of the sheer strake picked out in a dark color.

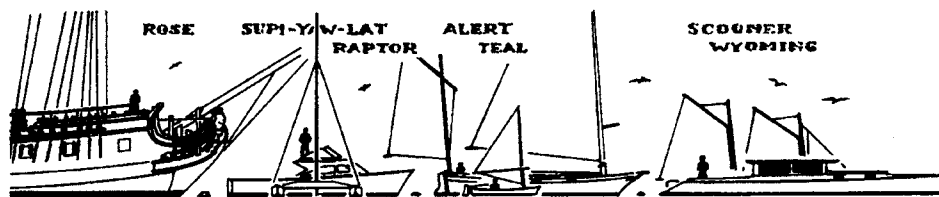
These two boats will probably be the last that I can offer at the price I have been advertising. I don't make a lot for my time on them. It's very pleasant work and worthwhile, especially at slower times, but I would like to do just a little bit better. When I have finished the one that's nearly done I will add up my time and see just how much I have in it. I try to find ways to save time on each boat, but there is an irreducible minimum that I really can't bring down. I will soon know if

I have done any better on this boat than on the last one.

Having two boats in the shop at once has forced me into some long overdue reorganization. My daughter Grace helped me move some lumber that has been taking up space on the floor. (I have just had minor surgery and I am not supposed to do any heavy lifting for a few weeks.) It made quite a difference. I have to remind myself that I built the 30' *Grace Ellen* in here, at the same time making kits and spars and building the prototype 12' peapod. I'm not sure how I did it.

Anyway there is now room for both Penobscots and space for other work. Part of the process was getting rid of offcuts of wood and plywood. I am always loath to cut up and burn what looks like good wood but there comes a time when I have to admit that I will never find a use for those nice looking, but too narrow or awkwardly shaped, pieces and force myself to be ruthless. At least they will help to keep the shop warm.





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Well, it is the season here in the northern climate of New England. And no doubt, whether out of hard brutal necessity or just the much more optional giving in to the urge to be out there on the water for as long every year as the water temperature allows, folks have been on the water in usually 't concoctions up until the ice simply won't let us float anymore. Crossing rivers for commerce, going fishing out in the bay for one more catch, getting out of trouble or looking for it where there is ice on the water in winter, some of us will cut it fine even today. However Discussion #533 is not about some drama for survival but a mostly visual narrative of some rather modest, in fact often delightful, form of "frostbiting" because we can, it might be fun and why not?!

The way I understand the term frostbiting is that it is all about sailing a dinghy or a skiff as deeply into the winter as possible. While there are some dedicated frostbite boat designs, in general we are talking about a comfortable, reasonably safe boat, often with reduced sail area since cold air is denser, has more weight in it and the water begins to dip below 50°F, meaning we are not pushing our luck. Being out here under sail, when others are putting another log on the fire, is good enough. And we get to brag about it, whether in fresh or sailing in salt water.

Of course, none of this would be new for Phil. He grew up right here a half mile from Montgomery's Boatyard on the tidal Annisquam River, saw folks work the waters year round until even the Inner Harbor froze up, and even if machinery would start up, ropes could not be untied anymore and the valiant Coast Guard icebreaking efforts would leave a plausible channel but could do little to help release the working fleet tied up alongshore and at piers from the grip of the ice.

And there has been one guy or two who, clad in drysuits, insist on sailing something around the Inner Harbor year round, be it in a dramatic 210 or a nimble Sunfish. If there is open water around these boats, good likelihood that these good folks are pushing the term frostbiting to the icy edge. However, Phil did not do much actual frostbiting under sail himself, preferring as well to put another scoop of nut coal into the Shipmate firebox and lean back with a good read or a new design concept on his mind, a fresh pipe in hand.

So, when I moved aboard Phil's 48'x11' liveaboard *Resolution* (Design #312) in late January of 1994 at Cape Ann Marina, right next to the hibernating whalewatchers, she was solidly frozen in as well. We stepped aboard her 31,000lbs and she did not move anymore, with snowdrifts forming around her topsides, indeed all over her. We were warmer frozen into solid ice that winter than we would be the next with her hauled out high on land, surrounded by snow piles and drifts, a no brainer really!

Afloat, frozen in, in early 1994, the nearest open channel was over 200 yards away, a de facto dead end framed by ice on three sides

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #533 in *MAIB*  
 Frostbiting? Yes, Frostbiting!

usually kept open on one end by the substantial tidal run of up to 4 knots a half mile down under the cut bridge out into the open Outer Harbor. Phil recalls that being frozen as well only once in his lifetime. Whether it is true that someone dared the six mile hike on foot from near the Breakwater of the Outer Harbor to the south all the way to the Annisquam lighthouse in the north where the tidal river meets Ipswich Bay, the Gulf of Maine, is less certain in my mind.

The usual assumption does, and did, indeed hold true, that nothing much happens in a frozen up New England marina except that on a few occasions you would have seen Phil and I actually walk on water, hard whitish frozen water, looking at the few remaining boats from the water's side, perhaps peering inside standing at the proverbial sea level, actually much safer than the slippery walkways, ramps and floats themselves, or so it seemed to us. We sure never got too close to the edge of the open water since if we had broken through, the flow would have shoved us under the ice northbound, or we would have succumbed to the cold waters before the flow had our bodies even reach that bridge.

Another true reality was across decades that in full ice conditions Phil would on occasion do something much more hard core than frostbiting in a conservative boat through open waters along icy shores. Instead, he'd take his 45lb 15<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" thick cedar strip kayak Kotick (Design #240) at peak tide and go paddle in that narrow strip of open water along the shore the tide just brought in between the ice and clear over that locked to the vegetation below. More or less routine to him, he did this a few cycles as well after I joined him in life and work.

He just felt the lifelong draw of being out on the water, exploring the familiar topography of his home waters, now mostly iced up with colors and atmosphere quite different from that of spring through fall, even when there was barely enough width to turn her around afloat, a matter of an hour at best if the paddle seemed doable at all. When he lived alone, he had seen this as a decent form of old age insurance, as declining agility and mental acuity resulting in death by drowning in freezing waters in or near his boat would be fast, more or less on his terms and overall quite dignified for someone this connected to the water.

Together we took the 100lb 15'4" pulling boat *Spur II* (Design #600) out across all four seasons. As Phil reported from paddling Kotick, aboard *Spur II* moving her through skim ice, floating ice bits and slush could indeed sound like she was being cut open

along the waterline, a rather alarming experience for the uninitiated, probably much closer to the truth in freshwater ice. Neither Kotick nor *Spur II*, however, did come to show any distinctive ice marks along their waterlines.

Twenty five years later, this winter of '18 into '19, getting *Flying Cloud* through and past ice would again be quite noisy, but structurally not much of a threat, this being at best <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" of the stuff early in the season, before I got too sensible to risk another sudden cold snap to lock her into the ice and thus likely doom her. Between up to 12'6" tides and another foot or two on top of that via a storm surge, massive forces would grind up much of that nice manmade floatsomeness into sad flotsam. Frostbiting is only fun if we neither kill the boat nor ourselves.

So we'd want to dress in winter clothing, a cap perhaps, gloves or mittens, wear that life preserver, take a cushion to sit on since we are going sailing, with cold wind being cold on our body, denser air in the sail. Perhaps a thermos.

The sportive ice sailors on DNs or bigger go fast machines will smirk at folks prepared to bundle up while doing a casual 3 knots, sitting comfortably, having time to converse or just study the otherwise familiar sailing waters increasingly covered in white, grey, clear glasslike frozen water as winter creeps in from the shores until one chilling night it will lock us out for the season likely. Yes, there are ice sailors hereabouts, however, typically only on apparently more trustworthy freshwater ponds and lakes. By mid winter, the saltwater ice either grips us in place or keeps us out altogether. Only deer, coyote, foxes will dare the ice in the tidal creek to look for rewards on that island across the marsh.



Here is the photo essay from earlier in this 2018-19 winter season:

#1. The December 2018 issue introduced 8'x4' *Flying Cloud* (Design #614), refreshed after decades of storage upside down, almost forgotten it seemed, but always winking to get her into the water, finally done last fall. And as a burdensome and yet well shaped test article for much bigger scale steel designs, her rudder had proven too narrow to be effective under a range of loads. Hence this reconfiguration by adding cheeks right over the old blade, now some 6" longer, along with a three plus times larger endplate under it. That worked well indeed on these early winter outings.



#2. Not easy to see in this shot, but there was up to  $\frac{3}{4}$ " skim ice between the float and open water out in the tidal creek which took some 30 minutes to cut through with that old oar. I could imagine a range of commentaries by my neighbors watching me do my thing. Solid grinding noises as the pieces flowed past her hull, but not enough power in that 59' sail to plow through this first ice.



#3. The tides move smaller and larger sheets of ice about, up and down, and flow and wind driven in ever changing directions.



#4. Instead of the rich green summer marsh grass, now the brown grey blades assuming a dash of gold in the afternoon sun, contrasting with the blue sky above and reflecting around the white and greyish ice flows.



#5. Since wind and tide moves this early ice about constantly, a clear channel may close up while a blockage may be freed up with perhaps the ice coming to rest in the grasses for the time being until another cold snap makes more of it.



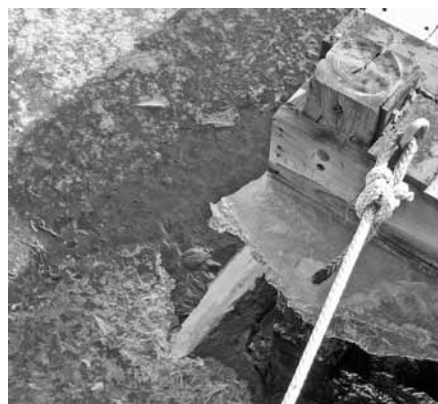
#6. Hard to avoid catching that almost poetic shadow of the rig over that new ice.



#7. Back at the float, the resolution is made to plan on another such sail. That day we were the sole such sail aloft on the Annisquam. The Shoebox dinghy will serve as the tender to move me back from the mooring. I've sailed Flying Cloud with Shoebox in tow, however, not too much satisfaction with that old narrower rudder. I'll do more of it in spring.



#8. Another day at low tide, more evidence on the float that the ice is building up. From now on, this is a day to day game to gauge how many more sails to get out of the season.



#9. The ice is getting thicker here and there with no predictability where it will form and move to except the forecast temperature projections. The water itself is still in the mid 40s.



#10. Flying Cloud sitting eager and upright, ready to serve once the water is back in early afternoon.



#11. And with mild enough temperatures and a modest breeze in the works, the commitment to another sail has been made, the rig set up for Flying Cloud to show off her wing once more and Sailor Nathaniel is on his way to join me, who could resist such the rare treat of frostbiting?!



#12. A modest time out from recent intense fatherhood duties, now well deserved therapy under sail, never going far, never going fast, only in shallowish waters with not too much ice here and there, two folks enjoying a distinct pleasure, experiencing the marsh as few will if they don't get out there this time of year.



#13. First time aboard and at her tiller, she is being studied, her characteristics explored, what she likes and what she does not. We'll do more of this, next spring perhaps with the kids.



#14. A first taste for him of shared satisfaction and, to confirm the obvious, we both fit just fine into that small craft.



#15. However, with the weather projected to turn more wintry soon, as a matter of precaution she gets hauled out without much drama, the ease clearly suggesting that we can launch her anytime conditions look promising again.



#16. And as this shot from last year's winter suggests, lovely bright high contrast visuals seem awfully tempting again after a winter gale, not too much snow on the walkway and all.



#17. But as we get closer, the realities of serious winter weather are unarguable, winter as indeed it should be in these parts. Pretty to look at alright but even if there was adequate open water clearing out for a sail, and even if the launching ramp was somehow clear enough to get her back in the water, we sure don't want to plan on sailing through any of this drifting about, especially since a wind shift and a drop in temperatures will suddenly create hard edged realities only luck or a Coast Guard helicopter will save us from.



#18. Tides, wind, temperatures and precipitation can come together in very impressive results, a rather unsubtle message to the sailing obsessed who may need to look at iceboating after all, just not anywhere in these waters.



#19. With a hot mug of something in hand, we'll still check the creek every morning to, for instance, find a fresh layer of snow over everything as bright a blue sky and strong winter sun as we could expect and open water with ducks teasing us with their can do, their natural year round life rhythm, being out on the water so soon after that low pressure system scooted offshore, and the rising tide floats up edibles all over.



The tempting open water extends well into the distance, exerting a strong pull to go out on it. Phil though would have waited for the tide to come up much more for at best a slight ramp angle to bring Kotick down to the float across, no need to slip and hurt man and boat. And an hour or two at best is good enough for some midwinter time on the water before the short day ends, the temperatures fall and the tidal creek has drained back out into Ipswich Bay.

We'll see how this winter will work out. Suddenly that mighty V-8 4x4 towing her through thick and thin to the launching ramp seems predestined to make short work of bringing boat and sailors to their well deserved but brief midwinter frostbiting session before that Pennsylvania rodent messes around with our sailing ambitions until April, that is.







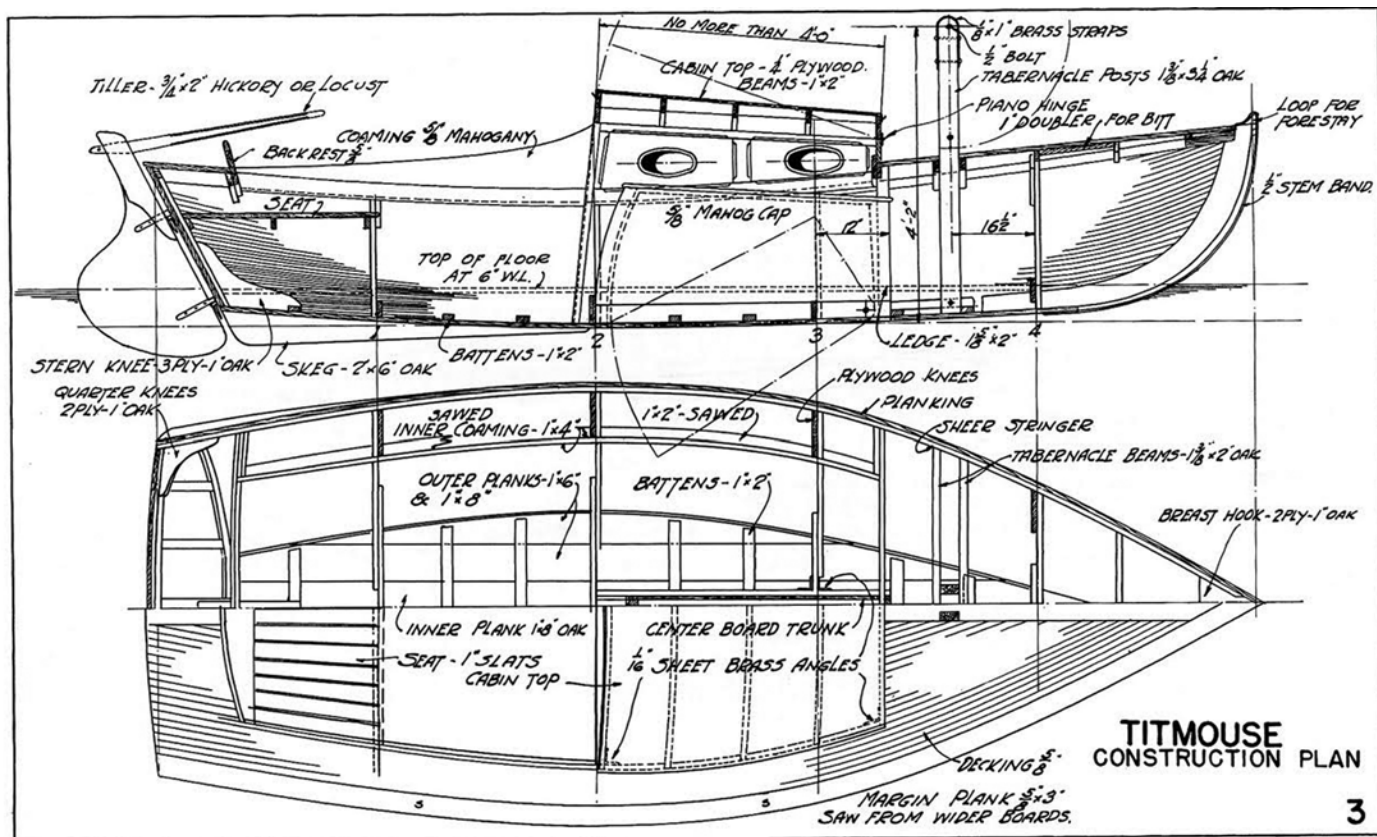
## Half Model of Annie's *Little Bird*

(Follow up to February's "Ship's Log")

*Little Bird* is an open version of Sam Rabl's Titmouse design. Annie believes it may be the last existing Titmouse. Popular in its day, but 80 or so years is old for a small wooden boat. My hull is cherry, deck crown is basswood covered with muslin, below waterline poplar. The CB, rudder and trunk are cherry veneer and floorboards are basswood. The whole is mounted on GaTorFoam®, a hard, fiber faced open cell material, light and rigid. The sails are printed along with Annie's countenance and that photo laminated to the GaTorFoam. Pennant material is aluminum can. The case is constructed such that the top and top mitered frame come away together so glass can be slid in from the top. Because I could not readily get a white decal for the name on the transom, I scanned a scrap of cherry and added the "logo" in the computer. When printed out, I had only to cut the perimeter not the "bowls"... technical name for openings in characters such as "o." The printed wood grain filled them in.

## Small Craft Illustration #16 by Irwin Schuster

[irwinschuster@verizon.net](mailto:irwinschuster@verizon.net)



While I was triple checking our itinerary for flying halfway around the world to visit family and take in the Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart, Tasmania, I contacted my friend and past publisher, Bob Hicks. What a treat to know that both Bob and *MAIB* are still going strong!

After a brief chat, Bob said that if I wished to do so, he'd welcome a firsthand report on the Festival. I've recently retired and have many interesting irons in the fire. One of those red hot irons is to return to my essays about life around boats and the water. We've settled in the Lakes Region of New Hampshire, but still do plenty of coastal sailing with our wonderful Roger Crawford-built Melonseed skiff, *Marshmelon*. As we often sail down on Great Bay in Durham and the coastal pockets of New Hampshire and southern Maine, there's more than ample adventuring to report.

We will be observing the AWF from a couple of perspectives, first as small boat owners who love Messing About and secondly as members of the guest country. This year the US is the guest country. Who will we meet there representing our stakeholders in the world of wooden boats? Surely at least one or two representatives from our cherished *Wooden Boat Magazine* and The Wooden Boat School. How many build-



By Chris Kaiser

ers/owners can afford the time and effort to attend at such a distance?

How many world cruisers might tie up along the quay as part of their circumnavigation? How many clever small boat builders from the Pacific Northwest Coast will make the hop across to represent their country and share their passion? I just peeked at the recently posted symposium timetable. I see that fellow New Englanders from Brooklin, Maine, and Port Townsend Sails from Washington State are presenting. We won't be alone in the Antipodes.

Looking out my current Window on the Water I see, between the trees across the road, the frozen expanse of Lake Wentworth. The lake is covered in a snowy crust with some places scraped bare for pickup games of pond hockey. Other areas bristle with colorful and creative bob houses, sheltering their ice fishing owners from the arctic blasts. The winter wind scours the exposed surface into fantastic designs of drifts and patches of crystal clear thick ice that seems to magnify the sleepy fish drifting along beneath.

Soon it will be a different scene as trees leaf out and obscure everything except the hot palette of a rising sun. Soon the call of loons returning from Plum Island Sound, where they wintered below my first Window on the Water, will make me think of the theme song from "The Lion King." Indeed it really is a circle of life, if one pays attention to the cycles in nature and looks at where they've been and where they are going, it all falls into place, if they take the time to relax enough and enjoy the view from their own Window, wherever it may be.

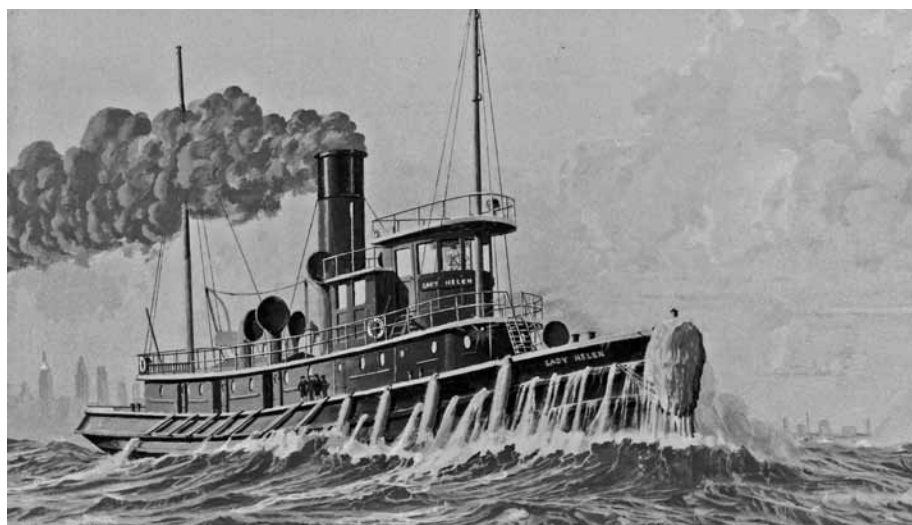
My next Window is in the East Bay of California, then in LA before we take that very long flight across the Pacific to Auckland, then Melbourne and finally Hobart. I'll be sharing the views wherever I am because if there's water, there's always a reason to be "messaging about."

## Big Sail of Yesteryear!



## Tug *Lady Helen* in Stormy Weather

By Jim Flood



A very good client asked me to paint a tug for him. Having recently lost his wife Helen, he had a dream of an old tug battling through heavy weather in New York Harbor. The scene so reminded him of the great strength his wife had exhibited through her life, a life full of adventure and obstacles, great joys and great sorrows, through it all she courageously persevered. This dream inspired him to have a painting made, something that would survive time and be there for generations to come, artwork portraying the tug *Lady Helen* crashing her way through heavy weather in a wintry New York Harbor.

My client worked with me to seek out the characteristics that would do tug *Lady Helen* justice. She needed to reflect the charms of the early 20th century tugs and include all the accouterments needed for the base structure.

At last *Lady Helen* came forward. Unusual in that she sported a schooner rig

(two masts), the tug also carried classic cowl ventilators and a round wooden pilot-house. A single lifeboat and davit displayed on her superstructure deck. Her classic bumpers and pudding polished off the look. Pudding is the bumper right in the bow. In earlier times pudding was usually made up of old rope which was braided into what in sailor's terms is called "baggywrinkle." In later years old vehicle tires replaced the old rope version.

In this depiction, tug *Lady Helen* is proceeding from Manhattan to the open sea to meet an incoming ship which she, along with other tugs, will help moor. Dark skies and steep waves greet her. Off her port bow Red Hook can be seen through a gap in the storm. The weather is rough, plenty of spray. Two sailors can be observed sheltering in the lee of the superstructure on the starboard side.



Have you checked the over pressure relief valve on your boat's water heater (assuming there is one) recently? Every water heater is supposed to have a safety valve to release water in the tank if the pressure exceeds the safety setting for that type of tank. What brought this to mind was a report on a house water heater's release valve failure and the resulting flooding of the area when a fitting failed due to the increased pressure on the system. If your boat's water heater is not connected to the dock water line when you are away from the boat, the flooding will be limited to the water in the boat's system. If your system is connected to the dock's fresh water system, major flooding might follow. Read your owner's manual as to how to check the heater's safety valve and give it a try to make sure the water comes out of the relief hose and over the side of the boat (and not into the bilge). You might want to check your house's hot water heater also while you are at it.

Some boats have an air cooling system that uses a heat exchanger to provide the cold air to the interior of the boat. Some heat exchangers use a sea water system for the heat exchanger and some only work when attached to a fresh water hose from the dock. In both cases, a fitting failure can put water into the boat. A yacht club member had sea-water cooling for the heat exchanger on his boat. He was proud of the system and how cool it kept the boat during the hot summer months. He took some friends down to show them the system and discovered that the sea-water side had a leak into the boat. The bilge pump was keeping up with the leak because the battery it was connected to was hooked to the shore power through the battery charging system. Some quick repairs followed the discovery of the leak. If the bilge pump had failed, the boat would have been flooded and probably sunk in the slip.

I read an interesting article about a sailboat whose mast light hit the lift bridge it was going under even though all the calcu-



lations showed that there should have been about 5' of clearance between the top of the mast and the bridge. In the investigation that followed, it was found that the calibration of the lift bridge's height was in error. When the gauge showed the bridge to have been hoisted to the designated height, it was not that high. Since this was the first sailboat to need the full height, the error had not been discovered earlier. The gauge was recalibrated so that the height shown was the actual height the bridge had been raised.

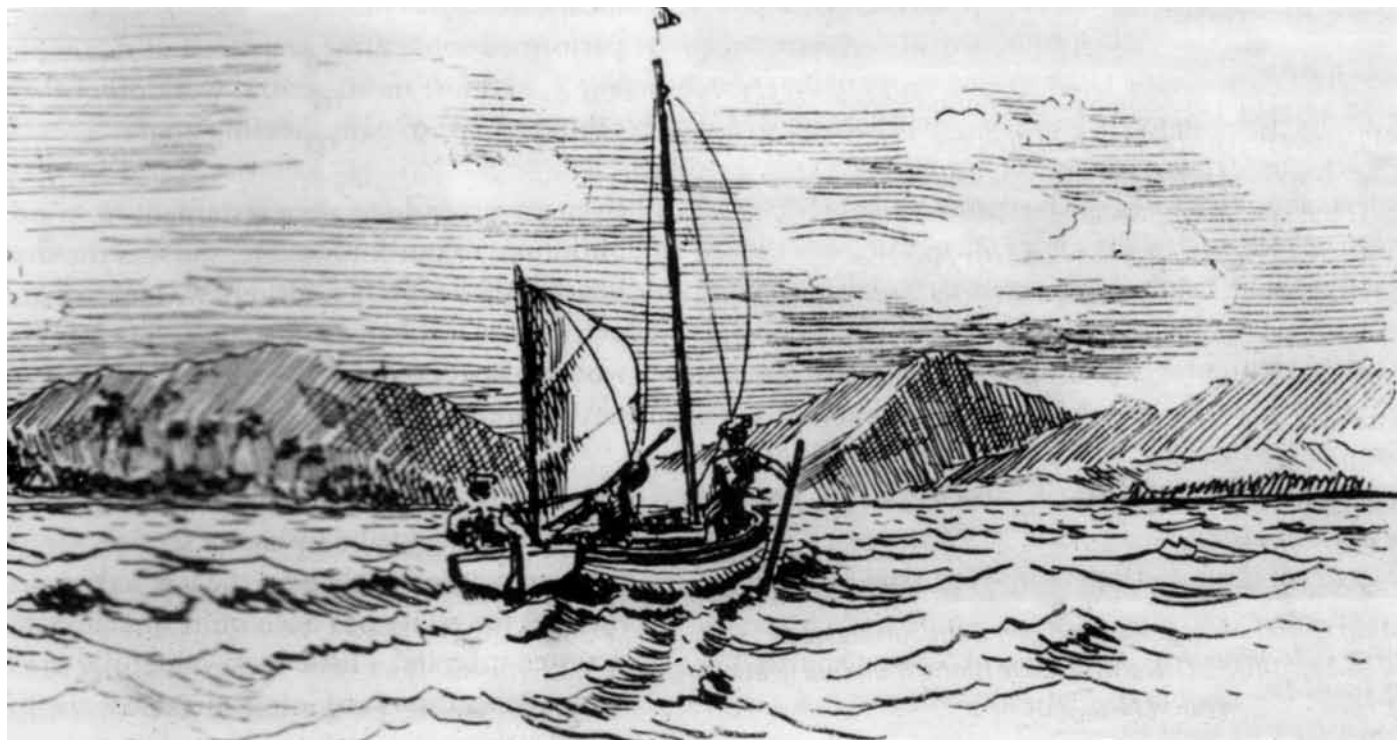
While at the dentist for a crown replacement, I asked about the adhesive being used. After applying the adhesive and the crown, a blue light was aimed on the area for a few seconds to set the adhesive. The dental assistant noted that the adhesive was "self setting" and the blue light speeded up the process from "in a few minutes" to "now." In the past I have written about a 3M water activated fiberglass tape developed to make casts in emergency wards for broken bones which stuck quite nicely to itself but failed a field test when applied to other fiberglass. Then there was the nail glue I found that did great job in small areas but had a short use life. Now I would like to bring to your attention this dental adhesive (made by 3M). You do not need the blue light part of the process (just wait a bit for it to set) as that device is a couple of thousand dollars. The product my dentist uses is called "RelyX." If it holds a crown in the mouth, it might hold other things around a boat. For more information

on this product go to your web browser and read the information provided. If there is a dentist in the readership, comments on this product and/or alternative dental adhesive effectiveness would be appreciated.

How well is your boat identified? After a storm, if it goes missing will whoever finds it know it's yours? Following major storms along the coast line, boats sometimes go adrift and can end up elsewhere. Many small boats do not have vessel identification numbers. The only identification might be the name on the transom or side of the hull (if there was one). If the boat is documented, the posted documentation number inside the boat (in a visible place) can be traced and the owner identified (if the documentation paperwork is current). Unless the boat is being used for illegal activities, you might want to post your name and contact information someplace visible in the cabin. Before you try to create something of this nature, check with your local Coast Guard Auxiliary about the availability of a Coast Guard identification sticker. The sticker is designed for use on canoes and kayaks but should be usable with other craft. They are reported to be free upon request.

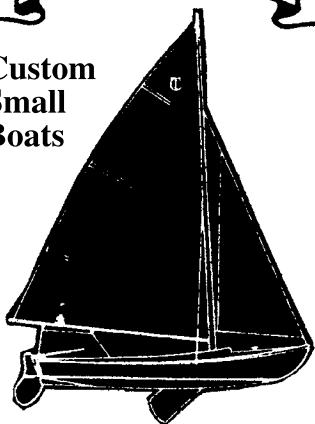
One problem with an outboard motor on the stern of a sailboat is the mainsheet getting caught up when tacking or gybing. One approach seems to be to hold the tiller between your legs, bring the mainsheet in and move it over the outboard. It very necessary to control the slack while doing so to not get caught up in the "loose" line. Another approach is to run a line from the port stern cleat to a fairlead mounted on top of the engine nacelle then down to the starboard stern cleat, making a triangle. The main sheet restrained by the triangle is free to move back and forth on the traveler and should not wrap around the engine.

The January/February 2019 issue of *Good Old Boat* had an interesting article starting on page 22 about a DIY mold remover using "off the shelf" integrants that might be of interest to some of you.



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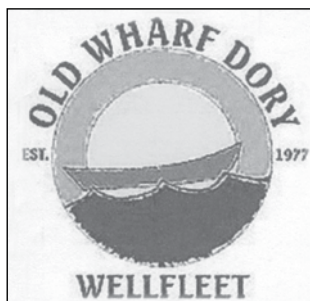
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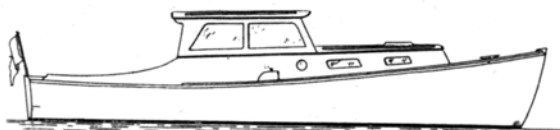
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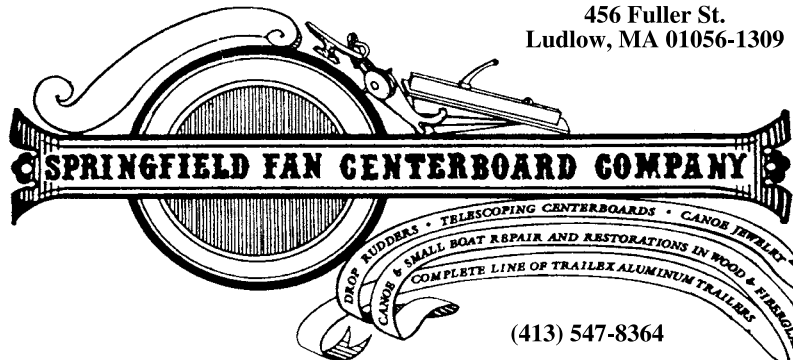
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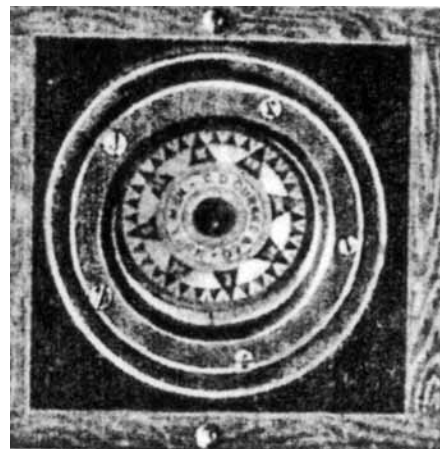
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